



JULY 1939

The American
LEGION
MAGAZINE

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JULY, 1939

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IMPORTANT

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 55.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS, distinguished American historian, in "States' Rights and States Wrong" tells you something about the greatest menace to our prosperity and general well-being that the nation has faced in many a day. The United States has always been able to take care of itself in dealing with external dangers, but the dangers that lurk in interference with the free flow of goods between the States of the Union are greater than anything that can come at us from the outside. It was precisely because the fledgling States were discriminating against each other in the 1780's under the Articles of Confederation that the great experiment of democracy which we know as the Constitution of the United States came into being. For near'y a hundred and fifty years no State tried to stop products of another State from crossing its border. Now, in a search for revenue a good many States are in effect establishing customs houses at their borders. The States and the national Government are going to try to work out a solution to the problem that is Balkanizing a great nation into Chinese-wall, water-tight compartments of self-contained economy. The Council of State Governments, which is a sort of parallel to Judge Hartshorne's Interstate Commission on Crime, hopes to find a remedy.

JAMES E. DARST'S wartime two-part story which begins in this issue is true to fact, but of course literary license has been taken with dates, places, and incidents. The names used in "Back to the Front" are phonies, and if that of any living person is used it is a coincidence.

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND'S "Don't Sell America Short" is a timely reminder that even under the worst of conditions the United States offers to its citizens a way of life that can't be approached in any other country under the sun.

"NOT Every Jap's a Spy" is a thoughtful contribution to a special phase of our national defense. The Japanese are the most camera-conscious people in the world, and they take many pictures of military, naval and industrial installations in the continental United States, around the Panama Canal, in Hawaii and in Alaska. Just remember that no American could possibly use a camera in Japan without being thrown into prison, just as no body of Americans could hold a mass meeting in Berlin anything like that of the German-American Bund gathering in New York City a few months ago. We still string along with John Milton on free speech, all the same: "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do ingloriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple: who ever knew Truth to be put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"

PLANNING on being in Chicago in late September, say from around the 25th to the 28th? Those are the dates for the Legion's National Convention. Mayor Kelly of that first-rate town tells Conventionnaires what they may expect, on page 26. Convention reunions will be found listed on pages 60 and 61. Better take a look.

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DURING the first week of April this year representatives of all of the States of the Union gathered for a meeting in Chicago. That meeting, which may prove to be an event of the first magnitude in the history of our nation, went comparatively unnoticed by most of our citizens, whose minds were preoccupied with other matters, national and international. Yet it was something we should all know about and take the keenest interest in.

To understand it we must go a long way back to another meeting, held in Annapolis, Maryland, in September 1786. At that time, the new United States were threatened with anarchy and disruption. In one of the most conservative of them,

Illustration by
HERBERT M. STOOPS

Massachusetts, Shays's Rebellion had alarmed men of property everywhere. The old Confederation which had carried us through the war with Great Britain was too weak to form the basis of a strong and united people, but the jealousies of the individual States seemed to preclude any closer union. These jealousies had been particularly manifested in tariffs placed on the imports of goods from other States, and in the problems of control of waters, such as New York harbor and Chesapeake Bay on which several States bordered. Trade

was disrupted between Connecticut, New York and New Jersey, and the disputes between Maryland and Virginia were so bitter that the last named called a meeting of all the States to discuss trade relations. Only five attended, but out of this meeting developed the Constitutional Convention of 1787 and the Constitution of the Government under which we now live.

In that Constitution some of the most important clauses related to trade, and it was thought that trade barriers between States had been made impossible forever. The States were forbidden to levy duties on imports from other States or foreign countries, and we did have free trade among ourselves for practically a hundred

STATES' RIGHTS



and fifty years. As we expanded our bounds and population to 3,000,000 square miles and 130,000,000 people, we became the greatest free-trade area in the world, and our prosperity, our diversified industries, our mass production and our high standard of living were largely, if not chiefly, dependent on the free flow of goods and services throughout all parts of the country.

We have considered this happy condition as so natural inside our own nation, and so safe-guarded by the Constitution, that few people realize the fact that interstate free trade is fast breaking down, and that, as Secretary Wallace said recently, we no longer "have free trade between the States." The meeting in Chicago, with representatives from the Federal Government and from all the States, including the Governors of many, was held to combat this

The free flow of commerce between the States of the Union has more than anything else made the United States a great nation. Forgetting this, most States are now trying to protect their "home" industries and agriculture from out-of-State competition. Mr. Adams, noted historian, points out the danger of this policy and tells what is being done to remedy it

as by tariffs by using public health and sanitation measures, motor truck regulations, internal taxes, quarantines, grading, labeling and packaging laws, and so on.

Eleven States in the Southwest now have "ports of entry," a term unknown in free-trade America until 1933. Oklahoma has 58 and Kansas 66 of these "customs houses" at which the expense, delay and red-tape provide serious hindrance to interstate trucking. To these may be added differences in road regulations which can easily be contrived to have the same result. The Governor of Texas has stated that in the case of one moving-van going from his State to West Virginia it would have required \$1000 in attorney's fees, taxes and other expenses and six weeks in complying with the differing regulations in the States crossed. Such "ports of entry" and so on can be

and STATES WRONG



new and unexpected menace to the whole structure of our national life. What we had thought had been settled at Annapolis and Philadelphia a century and a half ago, has got to be worked out all over again.

How did this new crisis come about, so suddenly and quietly that most persons are still unaware of it? There have been various causes. For one, there is the world trend toward local self-sufficiency, each nation trying to build itself up independently of all others, though the effort has broken down world trade and is rapidly impoverishing all. There has also been the depression with its unemployment problems for cities and States, with the need of increased taxes at a time of decreased business. Each State in the Union is now trying to build up its local business regardless of the business of others or even of its own from a long-range point of view. Again, this general situation is being taken advantage of by local business interests who have formed pressure groups at state capitols similar to the national pressure groups in Washington. Let us take some

instances to show how the whole thing is working out.

It is still unconstitutional for any State to levy duties on imports from others, but, as the old saying goes, "there is more than one way of skinning a cat." The barriers to trade may be made as effective

used to prevent competition with local stores in the State, local trucking, railroads operating local trucks, gasoline stations, and all the rest.

The quarantine laws, useful as they are in many cases, can also be so used as to prevent competition from other States. Thus Florida fruit cannot enter California, and vice versa. Under guise of a prohibitive charge for "inspection" one State tried to prevent any cement entering from over its borders.

Sales taxes and "use" taxes are also being employed. In one case, that of the State of Washington, a 3 percent use tax was imposed on all machinery imported to build the Grand Coulee Dam, and this was upheld by the Supreme Court although it is hard for a layman to see any difference between an unconstitutional levy of 3 percent at the border or a tax of 3 percent on goods brought in from other States as soon as they have crossed the border.

The two are identical in their effect as barriers to free trade. Many States also limit the purchase of goods for state institutions or purposes to dealers within the State, regardless of additional cost to the taxpayers, and some limit state employment of any sort to residents of several years' standing. One even has declared that all textbooks used in the schools must be written by residents! In many cases now it is practically impossible to sell alcoholic beverages or tobacco over state lines, this being due not to prohibition of either product but for purposes of local taxation and protection of local merchants, or, as in the case of California, of a local industry such as wine. So we have had what have been called the "beer wars" all over the country.

(Continued on page 50)

BEGINNING A TWO-PART STORY

THE wail of the last brassy note died away—"I'm Sorry I Made You Cry!" Joe McCracken waved acknowledgment to the applause, sat down, loosened his Sam Browne belt and stood his slide-trombone on the floor beside his chair. Surveying the scene around him, he felt a surging impatience that he was part of it.

This must be unique, he mused. Surely in all France, along all the highways and by-ways of the U. S. A., on vessels afloat and in dry-dock, there was no spot to compare in general, all-around carefree good-fellowship with Convalescent Camp Number Four, Crespy-sur-Saone. And this was indeed noteworthy because the month was October of 'Eighteen, a war was in progress and good-fellowship, on land or on sea, was at zero.

The room was immense and crowded. At one end of its eighty-foot length bulked a stage and it was here that McCracken, a second lieutenant of machine-guns, formed one of an orchestra of forty. Surrounding him were all the sprightly crew of fiddlers, clarinetists, trap-drummer and what-nots. The conductor, a close-buttoned and intense fellow who even in regulation uniform managed to suggest Broadway, was talking earnestly to the pianist. In the room some two hundred American officers, second lieutenants to majors, in various stages of recovery from gunshot wounds, disease and gas; all able to be cheerily about, all living on the fat of the land. Bridge, conversation, reading, Sweet Adeline—the life of Riley indeed.

The answer to all this was the camp's commanding officer, Major Otis J. Hemingway, Medical Corps. Here was a man with a self-appointed mission to make the war as pleasant as possible for all who moved within his sphere. To a nature that was naturally genial had been added, through service with the British, the notion that officers should be treated as gentlemen, that just because there was a war going on was no reason for forgetting the amenities.

Captain Jennifer, orchestra leader, started passing out the music to his men as an orderly who exuded an aura of great satisfaction with life worked through the throng and tapped Joe on the shoulder.

"Major Hemingway presents his compliments, sir, and wishes to see Lieutenant McCracken in his office."

Captain Jennifer frowned. "Does he realize we have another number to play."

"Probably not, sir."

But Joe got up with alacrity, chucked the trombone on the piano, and moved after the orderly. He had the springy step, the quick and sure co-ordination of the natural athlete; a crack southpaw pitcher in school and no mean shakes as a second-string quarterback. Stocky of

By

JAMES
E. DARST

Illustrations by
J. W. SCHLAIKJER

BACK to

build. Features scrambled but with a general ensemble that would give no infant hysterics.

"WHAT'S all this balderdash, McCracken, about leaving us here at Number Four to go up front?" Major Hemingway picked up a letter from his desk and shook it testily. "I mean this application of yours here. Come, come, my boy, sit down and let's talk things over."

Joe complied. "It simply means I want to get back to my outfit, sir, as double-time as possible."

"Not going Frank Merriwell on us, are you?"

"I was University of Iowa, sir, not Yale."

"But you're not physically fit to go back."

"I think I am."

Through the curtain stepped the one and only Sedgwick Oakley

You remember, sir, all I had was a touch of gas—"

"—complicated with pneumonia—"

"—and I got over it, and all I do now is lay around here, get fat and tootle a trombone."

"I've seen lots of cases like yours. Strength starts to return, they get cocky and, blooey, their heart cracks. You're far from ready for duty. Aren't you being well treated here?"

"By the boots of a Belgian brigadier, yes!"

"I've certainly tried to make it a model camp. Learned a thing or two from



the British about doing oneself well. Laid this place out along ideal lines, had a break there because everyone else was too busy to interfere. That central recreation room—I'm proud of it. And the chow—did you ever munch finer?"

"Heaven knows the food, sir, is beyond an epicure's dream."

"Food is but one phase of living, my boy. You fellows come to me all shot to hell mentally as well as through the pants. I make your living quarters comfortable. I let you take trips to nearby points of interest. I organize athletics so far as the season and climate will permit. And the recreation hall—look here, McCracken, do you realize we have an A-1 orchestra in this camp, capable of filling a big-time engagement right now?"

"That's what Jennifer is telling us."

"But Jennifer is right. How that boy can conduct! And arrange! He thinks the world of you."

"There are compliments I would rather have, sir."

"You have a gift—why deny it? Jennifer says you're the best unique trombone specialist he ever clapped eyes on. Are you a professional?"

"Only at real estate, sir, for my father out in Keokuk."

"Well, Jennifer has built the band around you. They were a disorganized, uninspired gang before you came here, picked up the instrument one night and showed us a few flourishes."

"I'm sorry, sir, they'll just have to suffer."

The major came over to Joe, laid a plump paw on his shoulder and peered at him earnestly. "Tell me, my boy, why do you want to leave us?"

"All right, Major, I'll tell you." He fished an envelope from his blouse pocket. "This letter is from my faithful platoon sergeant, Gus Schultz. I just got it today. He writes in part: 'And onless, yet, Loo-tenant Choe, youse hurries back to der outfit, dis feller Oakley will get dot per-motion, already.'"

"What promotion?"

"Schultz refers to a vacancy of a first lieutenant in our battalion, a promotion, sir, which my commanding officer promised flatly to me and which of course is in the sack. Schultz is unduly worried. I have even been so fore-handed, sir, as

the FRONT





One of the men stumbled and the gun clattered to the ground as an enemy machine gun opened up

to buy a rather nifty set of silver bars."

"And who is Oakley?"

"Major, the Good Book says we should speak well of our enemies—at least, I recall reading that bit somewhere. Certainly, too, it is bad form to pan, roast or otherwise decry one who is a rival, but I cannot resist telling you, sir, that this Oakley is the sourest mongoose who ever wangled his way into olive drab."

"Careful, now, McCracken; there's lots of competition."

"Don't I well know it, sir? But kindly

reserve the palm for Sedgwick Oakley. A surly, cold, arrogant sunnava. Imagine a man coming to join an outfit in training area as an attached shavetail and having the crust to line the non-coms up and bawl them out for inefficiency."

"Must have endeared him to the captain."

"You can well imagine. Oakley and I tangled when he started to prefer charges against Gunther, the company clerk, for drunkenness. Of course Gunther was drunk—always on Saturday night—but

nobody could run a roster like that baby."

"You wouldn't fear competition from a man like that."

"Ah, but he's smart—and plenty lucky, too. The captain was all set to transfer him when the poor skipper got blooeyed himself. And now Oakley stands right well with our battalion C. O.—Major Headley hasn't seen enough of him to know him. And so, while I am sure the faithful Schultz is seeing ghosts, still and all I am nervous; damned nervous, sir. I must hurry back to the outfit.

I can't have that basket outranking me. I've worked too damned hard for recognition."

"But I'm afraid you're not well enough to go back. I should have you examined and marked unfit for duty."

"If you do, sir, I'll just have to go over the hill."

They measured each other. Major Hemingway chuckled. "Hop to it, then, lad. Trot on up and wear your silver bars. You're sure to be hit again and when you are just ask them to send you back here. And please don't get shot in your left arm, whatever you do. I'm going to have a ball club here next spring, and I'm counting on you as my ace hurler."

BY NOON the following day Joe had wangled his clearance orders—report to the area regulating station at Is-sur-Tille, a hundred miles or so to the north. By midnight he was in line in a huge building at that important place, inching forward, dead on his feet as he occasionally got a chance to lean against posts and walls. And then he was in a room, blinking at the sudden glare of droplights over many desks.

He spoke his name to a sergeant. Moved forward again, feet itchy in sweaty socks. Heard his name called by another sergeant. Grasped a typewritten sheet of flimsy and searched out a corner where he could read it. Found that he was ordered to report to St. Dizier, by way of Chaumont.

Outside again in the dripping dawn, he trudged to the ordnance depot where he had been told he could obtain gas mask and tin hat and pistol. Inquired, then, about trains and found that the next for St. Dizier was an hour away. Pushed into the Red Cross hut for a snack. Putting down his sandwich and coffee at a table, he stared across at a lieutenant out of his own battalion.

"Keeler!" he exclaimed. They shook hands excitedly. "Last time I saw you, boy, was in rest camp, back at Le Havre.

You and a lieutenant of His Majesty's forces were bickering over an imperial quart of Scotch and the correct way to pronounce Missouri."

"I'd have busted him if he kept on calling it Miss-oo-raw."

"Where you been?"

"Gas school at Le Mans. Learning how to absorb it."

"Teach me some time. I've just served a six-week stretch for lunging up a mess of phosgene at Xammes. Know where the outfit is now?"

"Moving into the lines, I guess. Three weeks ago I left 'em in rest billets, drinking cognac and getting deloused and outfitted."

"Did you happen to run into or hear anything about a looney in our company, attached, named Oakley?"

"Why yes, I did. Oakley. Yes. Someone was telling me at officers' call back in reserve position one day, that he was going great guns. Had your platoon, didn't he? Teaching 'em really how to soldier."

"How to what!"

"Kidding aside, they do say Major Headley is taken with the fellow. Never cared for him, myself, what little I saw of him. Too efficient, maybe, too icy, too confident—oh, just a plain basket. Or do I do him an injustice?"

"No, no, Keeler, you're giving him all the breaks."

It seemed Keeler was on his way back to the States as an instructor. They parted in the restaurant, casually.

All morning on the train, with a five minute stop-over at Chaumont just after noon to change trains, and into St. Dizier an hour after dusk. Joe rushed for headquarters. Found it open and turned in his orders. His Division, they told him, was now of the Fifth Corps. Corps headquarters was at Froidos. There would be a train at midnight.

A meal and some drinks in a murky cafe, then the town movie, low ceilinged, thick with smoke, with soldiers from every kind of French and American outfit festooned from rafters and window nooks. Joe stood the smell as long as he could, then ducked down to the railroad

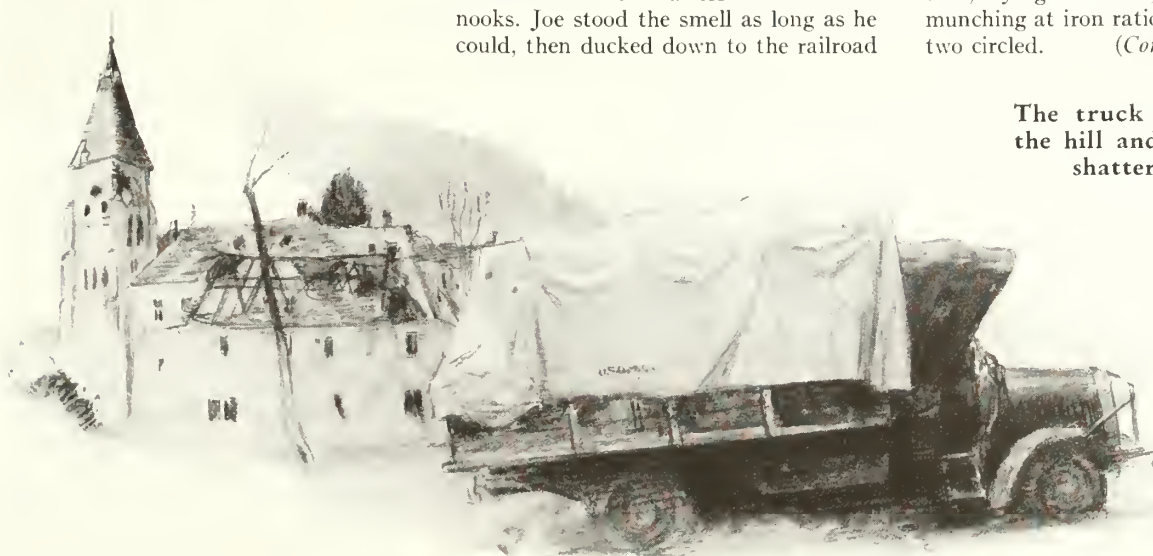
yards, found after numerous inquiries the string of mouldy, gray cars that was indeed Froidos-bound, struck a match and climbed aboard. He picked a compartment, huddled within his slicker, took a pull at his flask. Thought of Oakley. Cursed. Dozed.

HE AWOKE to find his train stock-still, on a siding. Inquiry developed that Froidos was two kilometers ahead, and he decided to walk it. A couple of doughboys gave him directions for getting to Fifth Corps headquarters, and a kindly mess sergeant, standing in the doorway of a hut, gave him hot cakes with maple syrup, and loads of coffee. At Rue St. Raymond in Froidos he learned that his division headquarters was at Gesnes. He could find a truck going up, they told him. A wall calendar showed that today was October thirty-first.

A truck loaded with sacks of bread and a squad or two of colored labor troops was being fueled at the town's main gasoline depot. The driver readily agreed to take him to Gesnes. They rolled out of Froidos along the main line north, through deep valleys and rounded hills that verged on ruggedness, past great gaping holes. The trees were stark and bare and splintered. The villages—Esnes, Malancourt—were indicated not by standing walls or chimneys, but merely by whitened mounds with broken bricks showing through.

In the fields Joe could see heads poking out of fox-holes, and occasionally a few files of infantry skirted the road's edge. Every few minutes he could hear a far-off shell dully plumping. The bread truck soon lumbered up a hill into Montfaucon. At the church they bore northwest, rattling over the cobbled streets. Many soldiers were stirring here. Joe noted the friendly smoke of mess kitchens and regimental P. C.'s bustling with activity. Out of the town toward Cierges and Gesnes they pressed. Engineers were puttering at the road, mending shell holes. In patches of woods at the side, infantry and machine gunners could be seen, lying at ease, packs loosened, munching at iron rations. An airplane or two circled. (Continued on page 46)

The truck lumbered up the hill and through the shattered town



BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

DON'T SELL AMERICA SHORT

IF YOU were going to invest your money in a hardware store or a bank or a manufacturing company, or if you were going to buy a beautifully engraved stock certificate, what would you do first? What would you do first if you have the brains that God gives geese?

Your first precaution would be to look at past performances. You would dig into the books of the company to find out if it had made money over a course of years. You would prod around until you found out if it had been doing a good business and had been well managed. You would want to know if the things it had to sell were things the people wanted to buy. You would try to find out if it had the good will of its customers. When you did this you would then ask questions about the management, and if the concern had been well and efficiently conducted by those in charge.

You would not be satisfied to know what it did in the good years when anybody could make money, but you would want to be assured that in the lean, bad years it managed to struggle along and maybe break even.

Well, the United States is a going concern that has been in existence a hundred and fifty years. It started in a pretty small way and grew and grew until it became one of the largest concerns in the world. It was selling a magnificent product, or line of products. Probably the leader of the line was an article sold under the trade name of Opportunity. The United States did an enormous and very profitable business in this commodity alone. It had another article called Equality Under the Law, and every householder wanted a package of this on his pantry



... selling a magnificent line of products

shelves. It had a third line named Self Respect which was very popular. This was a big seller. There was hardly a family from Coast to Coast that did not lay in a supply.

It offered another and very fine product under the name of Inviolability of Personal Liberty. And there were things called Freedom of Speech and of the

Press which did very well with the trade. Of course Opportunity was the biggest seller of all and the most popular and the most profitable, but the others were not to be sneezed at.

So, offering these articles the United States started in a small, conservative way and grew. If you take it in ten-year swings you will find that from the beginning it never failed to show a healthy growth and progress at the end of each ten years. There would be some bad years and some indifferent years, but never did the United States over any ten-year period fail to show a gain in assets and an increase in business.

Since the beginning the concern has gone through something like fourteen Depressions. Among these there were several pretty tough ones when it looked as if the outfit was going up the spout. For instance, back in 1837 there was one so bad it resulted in almost universal bankruptcy. During that time the firm was mighty wobbly and almost went to smash. But it didn't. This was largely because the customers had laid in a large stock of Opportunity and Self Respect and Personal Liberty. So when the Panic of 1837 was over they had something solid to start on. And they started. The firm forged ahead and did a better and more profitable business than

it ever had before.

The next tremendous wallop came in 1857. That was a vicious one. Every railroad in the country was bankrupt. Only three or four banks in the land kept their doors open. There were bread riots and there was frightful suffering. The firm simply did no business at all. They called this panic the Great Blizzard and it was a daisy. Nobody knew what to do about it. Everybody despaired. They thought the enterprise was on the rocks.

Cartoons by
JOHN CASSEL

But all at once the old lines of Liberty and Opportunity and Equality Under the Law commenced to sell again. Banks reopened. Specie payments resumed. Bankruptcy crept back into its hole, and the first thing everybody knew the company was bigger and stronger and richer than ever.

Then in 1873 the United States ran



into something that was, possibly, the worst panic of all. It was a long one and a merciless one. Nobody had any money. Nobody had any work. It dragged on and dragged on for something like eight years. But then the old reliable merchandise commenced to sell again and almost before you could wink everybody was more prosperous than ever. The United States expanded and took on new lines and did a bigger and better business than ever before. It seemed that Panics and Depressions could do no more than annoy it. They couldn't get it down.

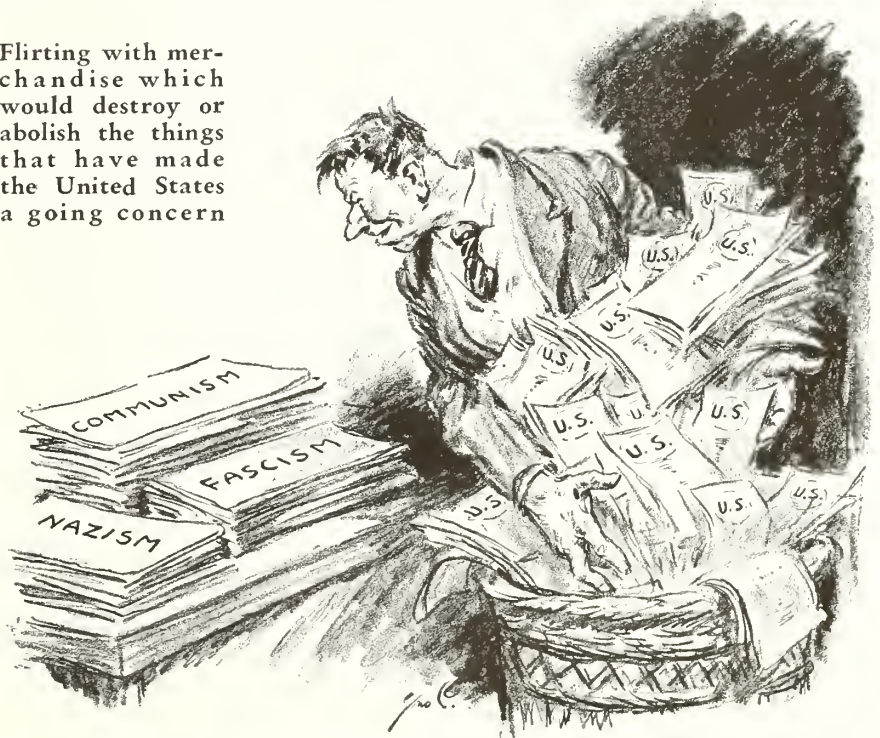
So the firm continued to get bigger and richer and more splendid until 1896, when General Coxe started to march armies of unemployed on Washington, and there was the devil to pay and no pitch hot. There was wild talk and bad trouble and Mr. Bryan thought he had found a new selling line in Free Silver. But it turned out to be a bust and people's confidence in honest money returned and we presently found ourselves in the commencement of the greatest era of happiness and prosperity the old concern had ever known. With the reliable old lines selling like hot cakes and everybody sitting on top of the world with a full meal in his stomach.

All this is just by way of saying that

the United States has what it takes to come through Panics. Only four of the fourteen or so have been mentioned. For a hundred and fifty years we have been diving into a Depression about once in ten years—and then bobbing out of them as good as new and ready for come what may. So when a business comes through more than a dozen panics without losing a tail feather you're pretty safe in saying it is panic-proof. Panics and Depressions can worry the blazes out of the United States but they cannot give it the knockout punch.

The funny thing is that after each wallop the firm has forged ahead. It hasn't just held its own, but has shot

Flirting with merchandise which would destroy or abolish the things that have made the United States a going concern



right ahead to larger and better and more profitable years. Over a hundred and fifty years we have had for the old company nearly eight years of top-notch prosperity for every three years of adversity, which is pretty good. And each succeeding seven or eight or ten-year stretch of prosperity has been higher and better than the one that went before it. Always progress.

Now as to management, we have had for the most part pretty good handling. Sometimes it has been terrible, but the stockholders have always realized this pretty quickly and made a change. There seems to be something about the stockholders that makes it hard to fool them for very long stretches at a time. Probably it is a thing called Common Sense.

Bad management can spread cock-eyed notions for a while. It has been done time and time again—usually in times of depression. But always, just as the good old lines of merchandise have got us out of the panics, they have also got us back to sane thinking. So, on the whole you can approve of the management, because you can rely on the stockholders to watch it and keep it on its toes.

But here we are in another Depression or Panic or Recession or whatever you want to call it. So lots of stockholders, who never read any history, get worried and want to sell. Heaps of them want to sell short. They think the old reliable merchandise has lost its market and that we are going to have to think up some new things to sell, such as communism or nazism or fascism, whose business is to destroy and abolish the very things that have made the United States a going concern. They think we have to put out new lines and try a different advertising campaign. So lots (Continued on page 63)

NOT Every

By
TRENTWELL MASON WHITE
and IVAN SANDROF

Illustrations by
WILLIAM HEASLIP

HE WAS a thoroughly respectable-looking little man with a Panama hat, horn-rimmed glasses, and a neatly-tailored linen suit. He beamed apologetically at the detectives when they asked him to come with them. So sorry to be a nuisance. Surely a few snapshots of the romantic waterfront could break no law. But Chief of Detectives E. E. Lippard was pretty unimaginative when it came to romance, and he gave Mr. Yoshio Matsuda, thirty-six-year-old Japanese "student," the once-over none too lightly. After some hours of grilling, Mr. Matsuda decided to fount and then it all came out.

He was a lieutenant commander of the Japanese Navy. He was being financed by Nippon to take pictures of the principal Atlantic seaports. He had entered the United States at San Francisco, moved presently from there to Detroit where he conducted "some business," and then went to New York to study English during the summer of 1934. He liked Columbia University, yes, very much, please.

In Matsuda's brief-case, Mr. Lippard found a German camera with a powerful telescopic lens capable of shooting a mile. Along with this was a motion-picture camera and two rolls of film which carried thirty-two pictures of the Florida seacoast including very good views of the *U. S. S. Trenton*, flagship of the special naval service squadron anchored near the coast-guard station. Matsuda insisted, for a time, that he had taken these pictures simply for his own pleasure, but as the detective chief bore down on him a bit, he hastily admitted that the films were to be sent to New York for development and shipped from there to Tokyo. Captain Tadatka Sakurai, in charge of the inspection office of the Im-

perial Japanese Navy at One Madison Avenue, New York, secured Matsuda's release because no known law in the United States had been violated. "It was a mistake," said Captain Sakurai, blandly. "Last summer Matsuda studied English, but apparently he did not learn enough to make himself understood in Florida."

The captain to the contrary, Lt. Commander Matsuda had made himself and his mission so well understood that seventy-two hours after the case had come to the attention of the highest strategical authority in the country—the joint Army and Navy Board—a law was introduced into Congress which had, for the first time, a few teeth in it to nip such espionage. Now it is illegal, without permission, to sketch, map, or photograph from the ground or air any one of the twenty-four Army and Navy reservations including the government flying fields.

That was early in 1935. Mr. Matsuda has not been seen since in the United States. If anyone thinks, however, that he is out of circulation, let him visit one of the dozen barber shops on Avenida Central and vicinity in Panama. There, spruce in a well-starched white coat, Matsuda, who now calls himself Shoichi Asama, will give you a haircut. That is, if he is not busy with his camera over at Colon, or whispering in the corner with Tetsuo Umimoto, the Japanese Consul, at the Sunday afternoon meeting of the Barbers' Association. It's probably a lot more fun for Matsuda in Panama, anyway. He doesn't have to be so sly there and nobody worries about that wretched English of his.

Back in the early 1900's, talk about Japanese spies—usually dubbed "the Yellow Peril"—was scoffed at as jingoism. So it was, to a



great extent. Japan's Intelligence Service was only in second gear at that time. Today irrefutable evidence on every hand indicates that Nippon now has its machine in high and has ordered its drivers to step on it. The examples are legion. When Representative Sirovich of New York testified in February 1936 before the House Merchant Marine Committee in Washington that Japan was engaged in extensive espionage in Alaska, conducting it from vessels disguised as fishing craft "spotting possible airplane fields and submarine bases . . . taking soundings, exploring water depths, photographing the shorelines," the question was why? Mr. Sirovich declared that in the event of war Japan will "grab Alaska and thus provide a food supply for the fish-eating Japanese people."

Representative Thomas of New Jersey, of the House Military Affairs Committee, also urged military and naval authorities to take precautions against the widespread Japanese espionage going on in the Panama Canal Zone and in Costa Rica. He said that "agents of the Japanese Government are now engaged in a long-range study of the Canal, photographing strategic points and charting the naval and military defenses operated by the United States." Why should Japan do this? Mr. Thomas replied that Nippon's purpose "is to locate suitable landing places on the Pacific side of Cen-



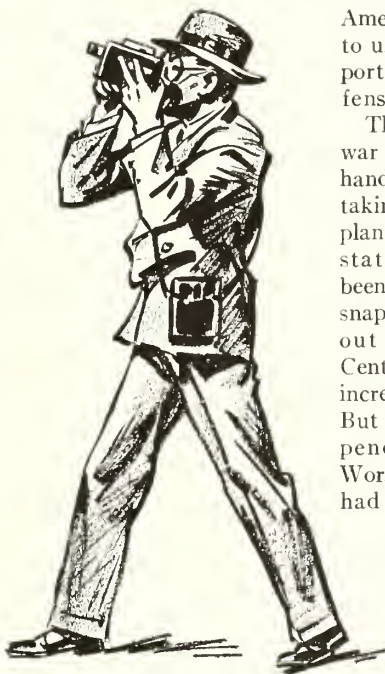
JAP'S *a* SPY



tral America to aid Japan in landing troops there in the event of war. Sharp attention also should be paid to Japan's latest move of planning the erection of canning factories in both Panama and Costa Rica. I suspect that these factories will be used as a base from which Japanese agents will be afforded an easy opportunity to further study our canal defenses."

The year before this, in 1935, Representative Dockweiler of California had told the House Military Affairs Committee in Washington that "there are 150 Japanese fishing boats in Los Angeles—at least they appear to be fishing boats—which have been fitted with air tubes capable of launching torpedoes; also their framework has been braced to permit the mounting of small cannon and machine guns. These boats were built under Japanese government subsidies . . . They put out into the Pacific at intervals, ostensibly to fish, but in reality to meet Japanese war vessels on the high seas. At these contacts the reserve officers in command are relieved after their tour of duty is ended. When the United States fleet went through the Panama Canal last spring (1934), these same fishing vessels appeared off the coast at Panama. The vessels have a cruising radius of eight thousand miles and are powered by Diesel engines . . ." A blueprint taken by a government marine surveyor for the Congressional committee, showed "powerful steel clippers with a 500 horse-power engine, high-powered electric searchlights, wireless . . . with the tanks and bins for fish so constructed that they can be readily converted into mine magazines and torpedo tubes." Some 250 of these Japanese boats were reported officially, and were discovered to be manned by Japanese reserve officers. Shortly after this report, Samuel Dickstein charged in Congress that Japanese ships were haunting the Aleutian Islands where our military forces were making important surveys.

Is Japan really planning to attack the United States? Is this why she has been so diligently ferreting out all our weaknesses and strengths? Can we believe that the twenty thousand-odd known Japanese agents assigned to duty in North and Central America are scheming to undermine our important military defenses.



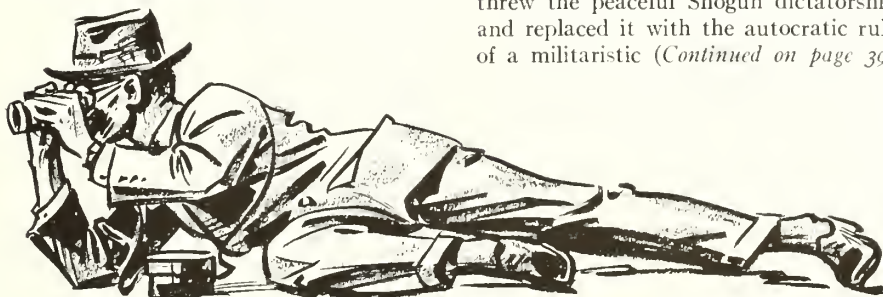
That in the event of war they will be on hand to direct the taking over of the plants, factories, and stations they have been so thoughtfully snapshotting throughout the Twentieth Century sounds pretty incredible, you say. But look what happened during the World War! Germany had organized a thoroughly-efficient espionage system in the United States many years before she needed it in 1917. To

be sure, Germany had no idea of attacking America, but a smartly-conducted sabotage program by her spies kept us in a permanent state of jitters. It actually put us far more on the defensive than the average person realizes and cost us many millions of dollars before the Armistice was signed. Japan learned a great deal from our reaction to the work of the German spies. And since 1920, Nippon's conspirators in yellow have perfected an intelligence department that makes the

German machine, at its cleverest, appear like the invention of a yokel. It is fast, silent, accurate, and is engineered by the best brains in Japan. Times have changed a lot since we first ran across the Japanese back in 1853.

Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry was our international ambassador in those days. When he came steaming into the bay at Yedo (now Tokyo) that fine spring morning in the middle of the last century, he found Japan a singularly backward nation. It knew nothing of spies, but it did hold suspect any foreign visitors, for whom it made life very uncomfortable indeed. This was precisely the situation Perry had come to correct. He explained to All-Highest, Tokugowa, the Shogun dictator, that the United States would no longer tolerate the inhuman treatment Japan was dealing out to shipwrecked American sailors and other temporary guests of Nippon. In fact, he said that if it happened just once more, America would return with its fleet and blow Japan's mud huts into the China Sea. But come now, he went on, we wish Japan well, and how about a commercial treaty? Civilization has grown apace in the rest of the world, your highness, while the Land of the Rising Sun, by its policy of exclusiveness and isolation, still clings to its ignorance and barbarism. Look at America, said Perry. There's progress for you!

Apparently the Commodore was the first of our high-pressure salesmen, for he sold Japan the "Open Door" idea and made her like it. The following year the treaty was signed and Japan began to stir out of her ancient sleep. Western progress seemed to Nippon to have been achieved by conquest, and, before long, a group of eager young radicals made ready a revolution which, in 1868, overthrew the peaceful Shogun dictatorship and replaced it with the autocratic rule of a militaristic (Continued on page 39)



ADVERTISING



"He said I should of washed out
my ears before comin' on the field"

(The regular meeting of Blank Post of The American Legion has reached that point which occurs in the normal progress of almost every Post meeting, but for which in the regularly prescribed order of business there is no official place. It might well be designated, in language probably indigenous to our organization, "General Belly-aches," and put somewhere between "Unfinished Business" and "New Business," for the reason that matters coming under it are never either wholly new, unfinished or business.)

COMRADE SMITH: Mr. Commander, at this here time I got a matter to bring before the Post which is very important. It's got to do with our Drum and Bugle Corps which I and a lot of the other comrades of this Post has put a lot of time in on and done a lot of work about, but which we ain't gettin' the right kind of treatment. The trouble with the Legion is that the guys that does the work don't git no credit, and take a beatin' besides. Now, our Bugle Corps is gettin' a kickin'

around like nobody's business and somethin's got to be done about it, and I'm goin' to ask Comrade Brown, who was a buddy o' mine over there in France and who's the commander of the Corps an' knows even more about this thing than I do, if he won't tell you birds what it's all about if you don't know already what you should if you know what's goin' on in this man's Legion at all.

THE POST COMMANDER: We will be very glad to hear from Comrade Brown.

(Applause.)

COMRADE BROWN: Mr. Commander and Buddies, I'm certainly glad to be here tonight because I ain't had the pleasure of attendin' a Post meetin' for a long time an'—

COMMANDER: I've noticed that.

BROWN: Eh? Yeah. You see, I been awful busy with the Bugle Corps which takes a lot of time an' work like Comrade Smith says it does, rehearsin' an' marchin' an' takin' care of equipment and all that, which nobody knows how much

FRANK A.
MATHEWS, JR.

Illustrations by
GEORGE SHANKS

details there is to a Bugle Corps unless they been in one which I wish more of you fellows would come out and join the Corps because we need more men an' I think a lot of you ought to do somethin' for the Legion once in a while. That's why I ain't been around, Mr. Commander, because I ain't the kind of a guy to just come to a meetin' an' set around all night on his fanny doin' nothin' but blab, when there's Legion work to be done.

COMMANDER: I see.

BROWN: Yeh. Well, there's two main things I wanna talk about which there should be comethin' done concernin' the Bugle Corps. The first one is the Class A jerkin' around we got at that competition last Saturday.

(Some applause.)

I don't just like to say it, but the truth is, Mr. Commander—

COMRADE JONES: We was robbed!

BROWN: Yeh. There ain't no use mincin' words. We was robbed.

SMITH: It's a fact, Mr. Commander, we was robbed!

A MEMBER: I want to back Brown up on that, Mr. Commander. I'm a member of the Corps, and there isn't any doubt in my mind that we should have won that contest. The corps that got first prize money wasn't even good enough to qualify for the finals at the Department Convention competition, and—

JONES: We was robbed there, too.

THE MEMBER: (Continuing) And that corps was even worse last Saturday.

SMITH: Their cadence wasn't no higher'n their temperatures.

ANOTHER MEMBER: And one of the drummers dropped a stick and stopped to pick it up, and the judges never even saw it.

STILL ANOTHER MEMBER: I'm not a member of the Corps, but I saw the contest, and two men in the next to the last four of that other corps got all tangled up on that maneuver where they went around like—

Costs Money

BROWN: Yeh. And the judges didn't see that, neither, an'—

JONES: Why do they have to git judges out of the Blind Men's Home? Ain't there nowhere else they can—

SMITH: An' in their concert number them C trumpets was so damned sour you could taste it in the air, an'—

BROWN: Yeh. An' the judges give 'em 99.44 percent for general effect, and if that outfit is that pure soap I'm the skin you love to touch, an'—

JONES: An' that inspectin' officer took somethin' off our score because he said I should of washed out my ears before comin' on the field, when it was the music judges which ought to of washed theirs out and maybe they would of heard some of the mistakes in that first

number that corps played. Maybe we need a gal drum major. *They* get the eye of the crowd during a convention.

BROWN: Yeh. An'—

COMMANDER: (*Rapping*) Just a minute, gentlemen, just a minute. We can't keep this up all night. I gather that you fellows aren't satisfied with the decision of the judges in this contest last Saturday. Is that it?

BROWN: Yeh. That's it.

COMMANDER: I'm very sorry about it and I'm quite sure all the members of the Post feel the same way. But there's not anything that I can see to be done about it now. It's too late.

SMITH: Whaddaya mean, it's too late?

COMMANDER: I'm talking to Brown. He has the floor. You requested it for him yourself. The rules of the contest were that the decision of the judges was to be final, weren't they, Brown?

BROWN: Yeh, but—

COMMANDER: And our Corps agreed to those rules by entering the contest?

BROWN: Yeh, but—

COMMANDER: You knew who the judges were before you entered?

BROWN: Yeh, but—

COMMANDER: And you participated without objecting to any of them?

BROWN: Yeh, but—

COMMANDER: But what?

BROWN: But we was robbed, that's what.

COMMANDER: (*Sighing*) All right. What do you want the Post to do about it?

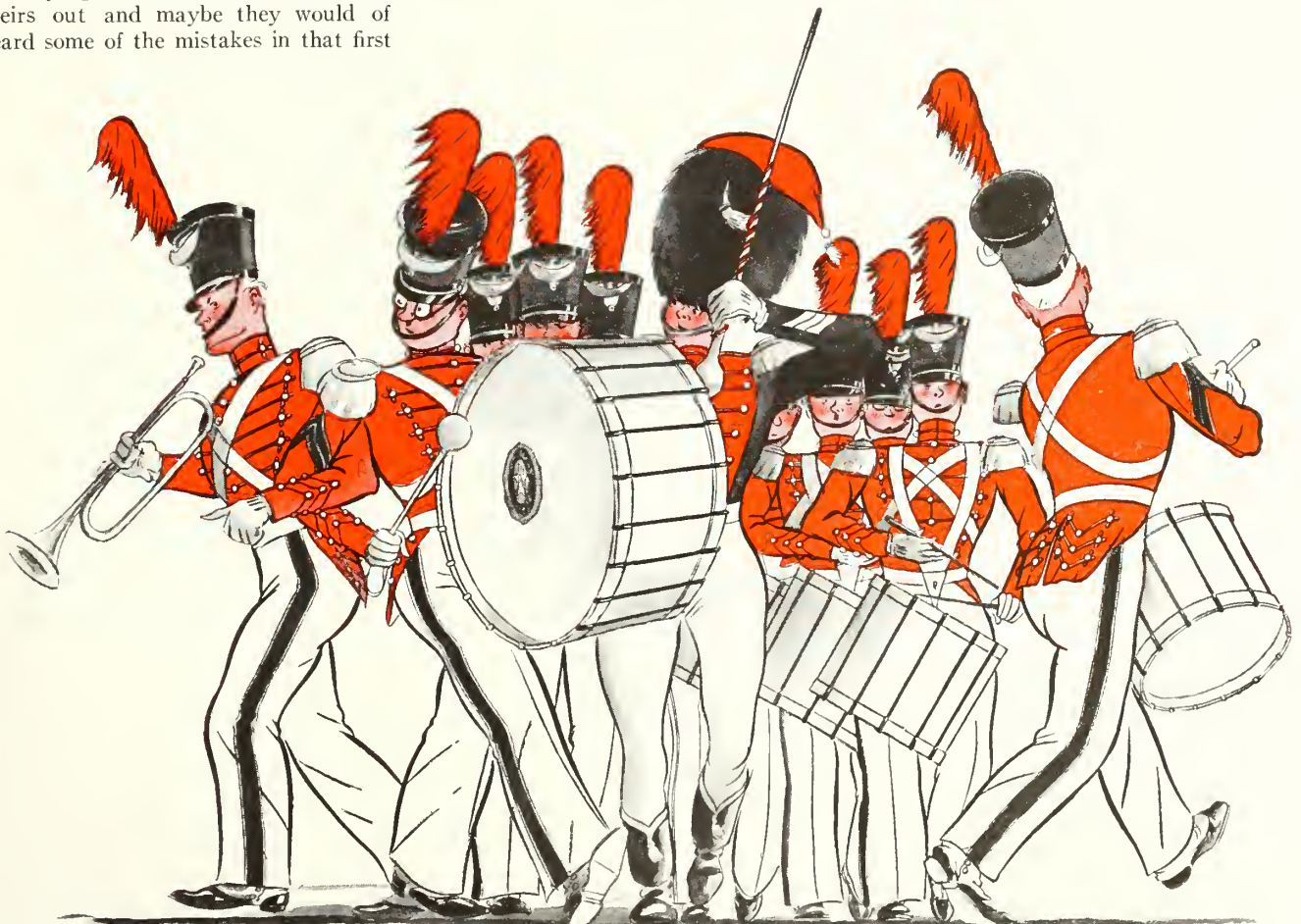
BROWN: I got a resolution here. (*He draws from his pocket several pages of paper covered with longhand writing. He reads*) "Whereas—

COMRADE BUZZBY: Never mind those "whereases." Let's save some time. Read the "resolving" part.

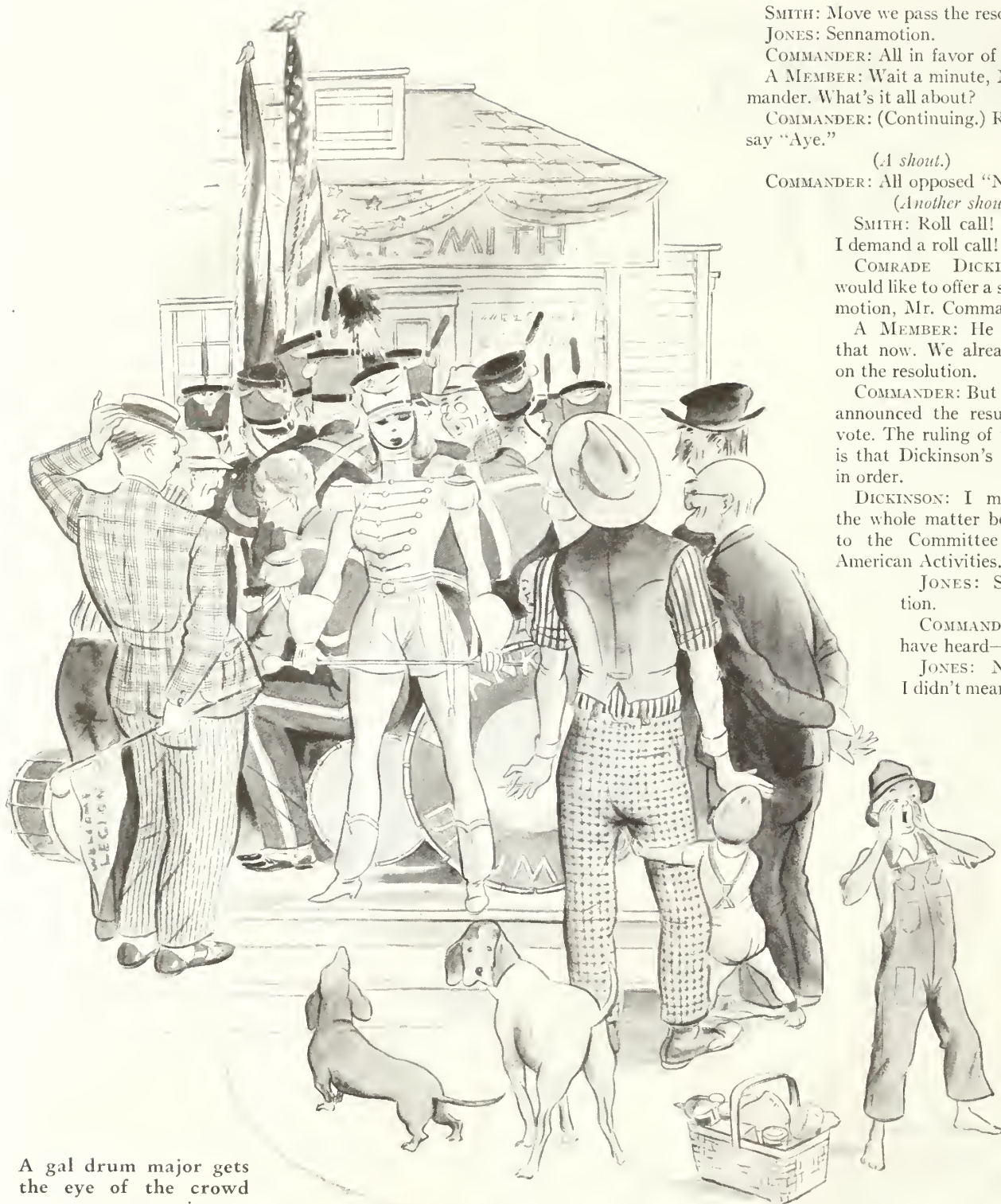
(*Members chorus approval.*)

BROWN: Yeh. All right. (*Reads*) "Now, therefore, be it resolved by the Blank Post of The American Legion in regular meetin' duly assembled this twenty-first day of—"

BUZZBY: Oh, not all that stuff. What does the resolution say?



They got all tangled up on the maneuver where they went around and around



A gal drum major gets
the eye of the crowd
at a convention

BROWN: That's what I was comin' to in a minute.

BUZBY: How long is the "resolving" part, anyhow?

BROWN: About (*counting the sheets*)—about three and a half pages.

BUZBY: Hell's bells! Can't you *tell* us what's in it without reading all *that*?

BROWN: Yeh, but—

BUZBY: Then go ahead. What is it?

BROWN: It's to the Department Executive Committee an'—

BUZBY: All right, all right. But what does it say?

BROWN: Why, it says: "Now, therefore, be it resolved by the Blank Post—"

BUZBY: No, no.

COMMANDER: Buzby means can't you give it to us in just a few words, in your own language?

BUZBY: That's what I mean. The gist of the thing. Boiled down, what does it all add up to?

COMMANDER: Can't you tell us what the whole thing is, in a nut shell?

BROWN: Yeh.

COMMANDER: Well, what is it?

BROWN: We was robbed.

SMITH: Move we pass the resolution.

JONES: Sennamotion.

COMMANDER: All in favor of the res—

A MEMBER: Wait a minute, Mr. Commander. What's it all about?

COMMANDER: (*Continuing.*) Resolution say "Aye."

(*A shout.*)

COMMANDER: All opposed "No."

(*Another shout.*)

SMITH: Roll call! Roll call! I demand a roll call!

COMRADE DICKINSON: I would like to offer a substitute motion, Mr. Commander.

A MEMBER: He can't do that now. We already voted on the resolution.

COMMANDER: But I haven't announced the result of the vote. The ruling of the Chair is that Dickinson's motion is in order.

DICKINSON: I move that the whole matter be referred to the Committee on Un-American Activities.

JONES: Sennamotion.

COMMANDER: You have heard—

JONES: No, wait. I didn't mean to say—

COMMANDER: (*Rapping loudly*) Quiet! You have heard the motion. All in favor say "Aye."

(*A yell.*)

COMMANDER: Opposed, "No."

(*Another yell.*)

COMMANDER: The "ayes" have it and the substitute motion is carried.

(*Rap!*)

BROWN: What—what do I do now, Mr. Commander?

COMMANDER: I haven't the slightest idea. You said you had two matters you wanted to bring up?

BROWN: Yeh.

COMMANDER: Then maybe you'd better tell us the other one.

BROWN: Well, Mr. Commander, everybody that knows anything about the Legion knows that our Drum and Bugle Corps is a big thing for the town and a big thing for this Post. It's a outstandin' advertisement what does a lot of good—

VOICE FROM THE REAR: Going around yelping about being robbed.

BROWN: Yeh.

(Laughter.)

BROWN: No, I don't mean—

JONES: We *was* robbed.

COMMANDER: (Rapping) Proceed, Mr. Brown.

BROWN: It is a big advertisement for the Post and the town and the whole Legion—every good Bugle Corps is. I hate to say it, Mr. Commander, but the Post ain't never done hardly nothin' to help the Corps.

COMMANDER: You may be perfectly right, Mr. Brown. I had no idea that the Post was formed for that purpose. But maybe I'm wrong. You want us to do something now?

BROWN: Yeh. We think the Corps ought to go out to the next National Convention. Mr. Commander, every time that Bugle Corps of ours turns out for a parade or a competition everybody that sees it knows right away that right in this town and in this Post we got a lot of—

our Post an' our town like we do—I mean a lot of members of our Corps can't afford to go to no National Convention, Mr. Commander, an' it seems only right and just under them circumstances that the Post and the town ought to contribute. We thought if the Post would agree to pay one-half the expenses we could go to the Mayor and Council and git the other half from the town.

(An awkward silence prevails for several seconds.)

COMMANDER: Well, Comrade Brown, I don't know about *that*. The Post hasn't much money and we need all we can get for our running expenses, keeping up our home, child welfare work, local rehabilitation, our junior baseball team and all the other things we are trying to do for this community. As a matter of fact we have never even paid the expenses of delegates.

BROWN: Delicates? What delicates?

COMMANDER: Why, any delegates from this Department to the National Convention who are elected and who happen to be members of this Post. They always pay their own expenses.

BROWN: Yeh. But what's the use of a lot of delicates goin' way out there just to march in a parade if they ain't got no musical organization with 'em?

COMMANDER: They don't go out there *just* to march in a parade.

BROWN: What do they go for, then?

elect the National Commander and other national officers and frame the policies of the Legion. You understand that?

BROWN: Yeh.

COMMANDER: You know that each year we elect a National Commander.

BROWN: Yeh. Sure. Whaddaya think I am?

COMMANDER: You know his name, of course?

BROWN: Yeh. Certainly. It's—what's that guy's name, now? I know it but I just can't think of it. Anyhow, what difference does it make? It ain't got nothin' to do with our Bugle Corps, has it?

COMMANDER: No, you're right. It hasn't. You can make a motion if you want to, but I don't know where the Post is going to raise the money even if it is passed.

SMITH: That's just the trouble with this here Post. It's the cheapest outfit I ever seen. That's why it don't git nowhere. Here it's got a swell Bugle Corps and it don't appreciate it. It won't spend a few dollars advertisin' itself. I'm gonna find out just what kind of a bunch of pikers it is. Mr. Commander, I make a motion that this Post pays half the expenses of our Bugle Corps to the National convention if the town pays the other half, which we hereby ask the town to do.

JONES: Sennamotion.

COMMANDER: Is there any discussion?

VOICES: Question! Question!



VOICE FROM THE REAR: Pot-bellied old veterans that insist on gettin' dressed up in kiddy "kay-det" suits.

BROWN: Yeh.

(Loud laughter.)

BROWN: No. Say, listen, that ain't—

SMITH: Mr. Commander, I think them there wise cracks is out of order.

COMMANDER: (Rapping) Go ahead, Brown.

BROWN: As I was sayin', advertisin'

One of the drummers dropped a stick and stopped to pick it up, and the judges never even saw it

Just to get pie-eyed an' raise a lot of hell and git the Legion a bad name?

COMMANDER: (A little riled) Certainly not. For your information—as you do not seem to understand the situation exactly—the delegates are the ones who

COMMANDER: All in favor of the motion say "Aye."

BUGLE CORPS MEMBERS: Aye!

COMMANDER: All opposed, "No."

REST OF THE POST: No!

COMMANDER: (With a loud rap of his gavel.) The motion is *lost*!

JONES: (To SMITH and BROWN.) Cripes! Can you imagine that? We was robbed again!

THE END

THEMSELVES ALL OVER

By Grant Powers



George McManus:
Jiggs to the life

ON THE twenty-sixth anniversary of the comic strip "Bringing Up Father," George McManus, its creator, was asked who was his model for his leading character, "Jiggs." "Myself," chirped jovial George. Should you ever meet up with George McManus, who is five feet, four inches tall you will see a walking image of his famous pen and ink Irish pop, though without the whisk-broom hair and sideburns. How often we hear folks say, "I wonder if cartoonists don't sometimes draw themselves in their comic strips?"

You've got something there!

Our American comic strip artists are supposed to be a strange race of people—and they are. No other group of artisans is as well paid, pampered and honored. Then again, there is not another cluster of skilled individuals more misunderstood or maligned. Their fabulous salaries, working methods, marital troubles and eccentricities have always been front page news. Fantastic tales of their strange physical make-ups pass by word of mouth until many have come to believe these celebrities live in a coma. Ideas are supposed to come to them under the influence of liquor or dope. Some must work under strange lights, hide their heads in a black pillow, or stand under a running shower to concoct the daffy doings of "Little Orphan Annie," "Joe Palooka" or "Skippy"—or take your choice.

Let's look at some of these artists and inspect their leading characters; examine their construction and scamperings and compare them with their creators.

Mr. McManus got the idea for "Maggie" and "Jiggs" from a play which



showed the experiences of a laborer's family suddenly become wealthy. The marriage angle has always appealed to him. McManus is 55 years young. He's a snappy dresser and moves all over the country, is known for his brilliant conversation as well as his drawing—and smokes about thirty cigars a day. He prefers a derby to any

other style of head covering. He haunts the women's style shows and shops; likes to draw the latest styles on "Maggie" and "daughter." Moves in the smartest men's clubs; rubs elbows with those dusty old window decorations who glare over their papers at passersby. All this cut of life he depicts in his strips and Sunday pages. He has kept his characters human for two generations to laugh at, by moving among the people daily.

George Herriman, who started "Krazy Kat" back in 1913, is a quiet Californian who cannot quite understand why he is paid so much for his "Ignatz Mouses" and the doings of "Officer Pup." Herriman started drawing when a tot in his father's bake shop. His silly looking dogs,



ducks and birds have given both kids and grownups belly laughs for years. His funny twist of giving each picture a different background, with the characters marching through the drawings, keeps his followers interested besides laughing at the dry quips of the characters. His love for the West, his desire for peace and his dislike for gossip are all wrapped up in the didoes of his animal world. They are the symbols of his inner feelings.

"Moon Mullins," that delightful rough-neck strip character drawn by Frank Willard, certainly mirrors forth his creator's feelings on a continual holiday. You see, the daffy "Lord Plushbottom," "Emmy," "Uncle Willie" and his hard-hitting spouse, "Mamie," and "Moon's" be-derbied, trouble-making kid brother, "Kayo," are the sort of people Willard would like to see on this earth. Willard at 44 can see humor in a man blowing his nose or getting out of bed. He once aspired to be an editorial cartoonist. A wily editor told him he was dumb enough to be a comic artist. That was enough for



Frank Willard: His Moon Mullins and Lord Plushbottom for the most part do the things their creator would do on a holiday

Frank. He loves action and tries to make each strip a complete story with a laugh. He's a virtual owl, preferring to loaf and play golf all day, thinking out ideas and

laboring at night. He's temperamental, energetic and a great ribber. Loves to be on the move, hieing north and south. Thinks wrestlers are useful people. Never without a cigar and will flick ashes in your soup. Willard is not going to wait for reincarnation. "Moon Mullins" is himself doing the things today that many of us hope we can do in a future world.

"Skippy" is his creator, Percy Crosby, all over and then some. Many Legionnaires will recall his wartime "That Rookie of the Thirteenth Squad." Crosby himself is ten Peck's Bad Boys tied into one. The doings of his brats are but the imps that pound in his brain. To him life is a constant merry-go-round, or maybe a squirrel cage. He will write books on liberty and righteousness, spend thousands of dollars in publishing them, caring not whether folks will read them. His soul is in constant turmoil. He will lean to etchings and high art for relief from his dashing portraits of his enfant terrible.



Bud Fisher isn't much bigger than his famous Jeff, but he hasn't had to take quite as heavy punishment

"Skippy" and his galloping pals are his mouthpiece. In his saner moments he turns to his sheep and horses on his vast Virginia estate.

Rube Goldberg created wacky sayings and preposterous lunatic inventions inspired by scientific apparatus of his days as an engineering student. He's a brilliant writer, independently wealthy, but his comic characters must constantly be doing something. His odd moments are filled by decorating a banquet dais, or cracking wise on the radio. To troop the fairways of a golf course with Rube is to re-enact the battle of Waterloo. With "Boob McNutt" he moves in a fantastic world of his own. To attend an opera or read a classic is to Rube the thing to do if you have to do it; to guffaw, whirl among crowds and let the air out of your tires is living and in his drawings it's Rube himself you see rollicking through life.

To see Billy DeBeck storming about

after making a bad golf shot you would recognize "Barney Google," that sad little guy with the smashed silk hat and googly eyes all a-dither. DeBeck is 48 years of age. He's short and dark, and usually he has a copper kettle complexion, for he lives outdoors, mostly on a golf course. With a cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth and humming "La de Doodly Do" you have "Google" in a contented mood.

"The Gumps" are now conducted by Gus Edson, who took over the squawks of "Andy" and "Min" after Sidney Smith's death in 1935. Edson certainly does not look like the chinless "Andy," but it was not long after the strip came under his



Wallgren: No matter what Hoosegow Herman does he won't tie Wally's own adventures as a Marine

in weaving his way through love affairs or a boxing bout. Fisher does not spare the horses in calling notables to his aid. Probably on no previous occasion has an incumbent President appeared in the funnies as did President Roosevelt when Ham wanted to get Joe out of the Foreign Legion to defend his championship.

"Toonerville Folks," that group of laugh-makers consisting of "Powerful Katrinka," "Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang," "Suitcase Simpson," "The Skipper" and his famous trolley, and "Mickey (himself) Maguire" and many others Fontaine Fox adds from time to time to his daily cartoons and Sunday page, have been cavorting for their slim creator for 30 years. "Foxy," as he is known to his pals, is just as energetic as his characters. He is as slim as "Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang" and uses up as much energy as that explosive gent hot-footing

it over golf courses. He once had visions of becoming a big league ball player, back in Louisville, Kentucky, and that love of action has never left his lively pen. (Cont. on page 56)



care that his feelings on certain matters became "Andy's." Edson, a family man himself, was getting and still is quite corpulent. His troubles in attempting a reduction of his waist veranda kept the explosive, chinless, brow-beaten "Gump" busy with reducing gadgets and in a bitter battle to avoid the icebox in the wee hours.

Ham Fisher, who guides the destiny of "Joe Palooka," that dumb but lovable prize fighter, readily admits that down in his bones he often feels he is "Palooka." A short, somewhat baldish, energetic chap, Fisher believes personality can overcome all obstacles. He himself will strip down to his undies to put over a joke at a banquet. Is it any wonder then he has "Joe" throwing all caution to the winds



Ham Fisher, who makes Joe Palooka act as Ham himself not infrequently acts



YOU WON'T FIND IT *In the Books*

BY JIM HURLEY

IN THE days when the search for a white hope was at fever heat, two strangers walked into Leadville, Colorado, one afternoon. It was a short while after Jack Johnson had knocked out Jim Jeffries on July 4, 1910, when big Jeff, like Fitzsimmons and Corbett before him, tried a comeback to regain the world's championship.

Leadville was abustle. The world-wide search for someone to conquer the dusky heavyweight champion who had ruled for two years had reached into this spirited mining town. Leadville was staging its own heavyweight elimination championship that night with its own muscular men of the earth as contestants. Placards and banners all over town screamed to the world that the tourney would be held at the motion picture hall and that any aspirant winning by a knockout would receive \$25 in gold.

Spotting one of these banners, the shorter and more athletic looking of Leadville's two visitors ventured to his companion: "Here's a chance to make a few easy bucks and keep my hand in on a few lugs." There was loud expostulation from the larger of the two. "You can't do it, Stanley," he said. "We gotta keep goin' to get to 'Frisco by Sunday or Britt will raise hell. Besides, what about your title? You haven't any business fighting bums like these; anything can happen and you know you haven't been in training for two months."

Those milktoast words from Pete (The Goat) Stone were all that Stanley Ketchel needed to make up his mind that he'd be an entrant in Leadville's white-hope tournament. In a flash his madcap brain registered the whole daring picture. It would be a great joke on Willis Britt, his manager, to get a cut of a \$25 purse won by the middle-weight champion of the world.

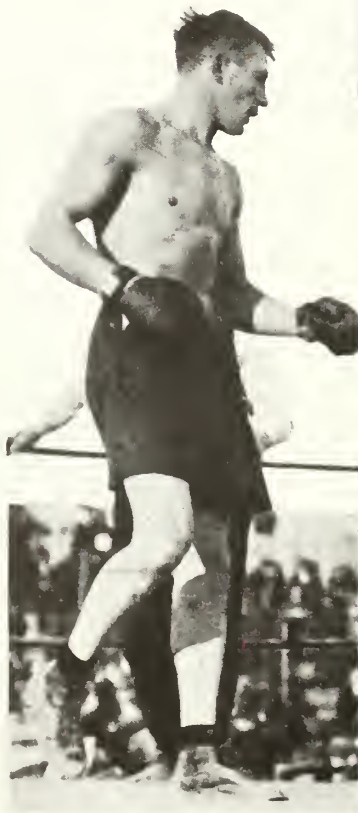
At the movie hall, Madcap

Ketchel's scheme came to a quick end. The courageous middle-weight, who never weighed more than 150 pounds, yet fought light heavies and heavy-weights, was laughed out of the hall when he announced he wanted to enter the tourney. "This is for big men; why, you're hardly more than a light-weight," said the theater manager.

No amount of persuasion would work



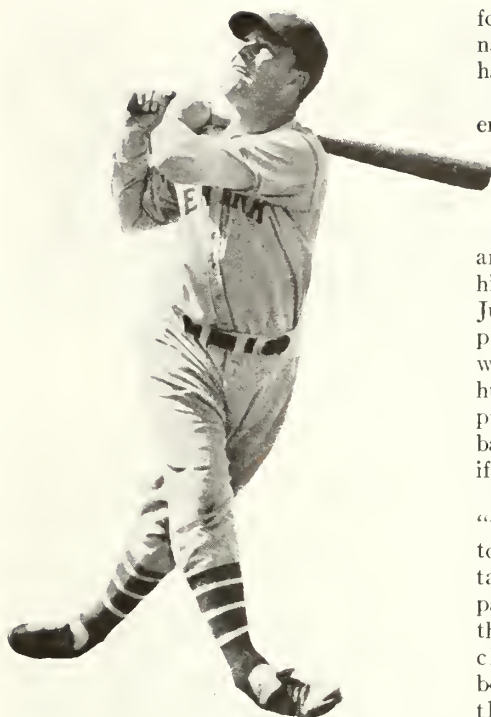
Harry Greb, at right, outpointing Mickey Walker in a fight that was a mere curtain raiser to an off-the-record street brawl later that same night. Below, at left, Stanley Ketchel, whose unofficial battles kept his managers worrying



and the two strangers eased off toward the nearest bar.

That night they were back again long before the bouts got underway. Ketchel this time had donned a pair of cowboy's high-heel boots, overalls and mountain shirt over a pair of trunks. Numerous weighty objects reposed in several of his pockets, and to the amazement of the theater manager, who was prevailed upon to let him mount the scales, he tipped the Fairbanks at 167 pounds. Even that didn't make him a white-hope eligible, but he pleaded so earnestly for one chance that the hard-hearted manager gave in.

Probably it was just for the laughs that he thought the difference in size would provoke but the theater manager, who was also announcer and referee—and it might have been just to get rid of the little pest—trotted out Ketchel for the first bout against a tall, heavy, muscle-bound miner. The bout hadn't gone a half minute before Ketchel dropped him like an ox, turning the movie house into a bedlam. The next bout



Mel Ott of the Giants and, at right, Joe Medwick of the Cards tied for the lead in home runs in 1937 because fate and a forfeited game took a circuit clout away from Joey

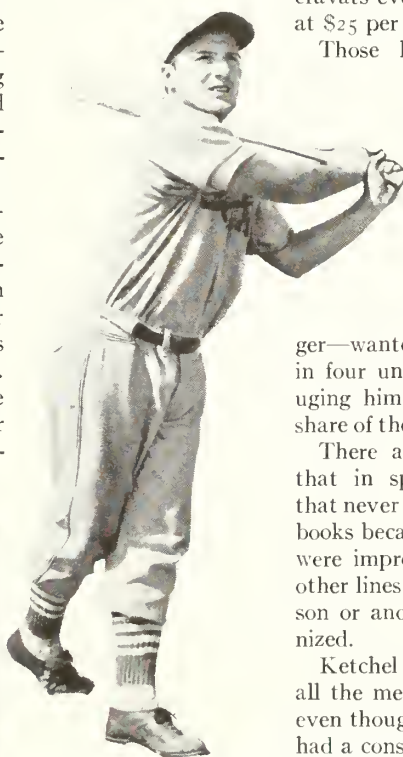
was announced, but proceeded with difficulty. "Give us the little guy; we want the little guy," the customers yelled. The second bout wore through three tiresome rounds, with the fans continuing to clamor

for "the little guy." The magic lantern magnate, to avoid having his place torn down, had to put Ketchel on for the third bout.

This, like the opening encounter, ended with "the little guy" a one-round knockout winner. This time the spectators weren't to be denied. They wanted "the little guy" right back again in the next bout and they grew so menacing that they got him—and another one-round knockout. Just about then Leadville's boxing impresario was beginning to wonder if he wasn't being taken for a sleighride. He hustled the small gladiator, who had a punch like the kick of a Missouri mule, back stage and told him to dress quickly if he wanted the \$75.

Here again there was quick talk by "the little guy," who wanted the chance to make it an even \$100. But he had to take a seat out front and wait for the payoff. The hall was a madhouse. Everything was anticlimax to the bouts of "the little guy." Big guys pushing and pummeling themselves most unscientifically were a sad substitute for the chap with the dynamite punch who bowled over his big opponents like so many pins.

Stalling by the program director only made mat-



ters worse. Finally he announced that the next bout would be the last of the evening. Just about this time "the little guy" was spotted in the audience and was thrust bodily onto the stage. There

John Borican showing his heels to Glenn Cunningham in the world's fastest thousand-yard run. The victory stands, but the record can't be recognized

wasn't going to be a last bout without him in it. This time all he took off was his pancake soft hat and his mountain shirt; the payoff was made in due course and Ketchel and Pete the Goat finally made their way from the hall.

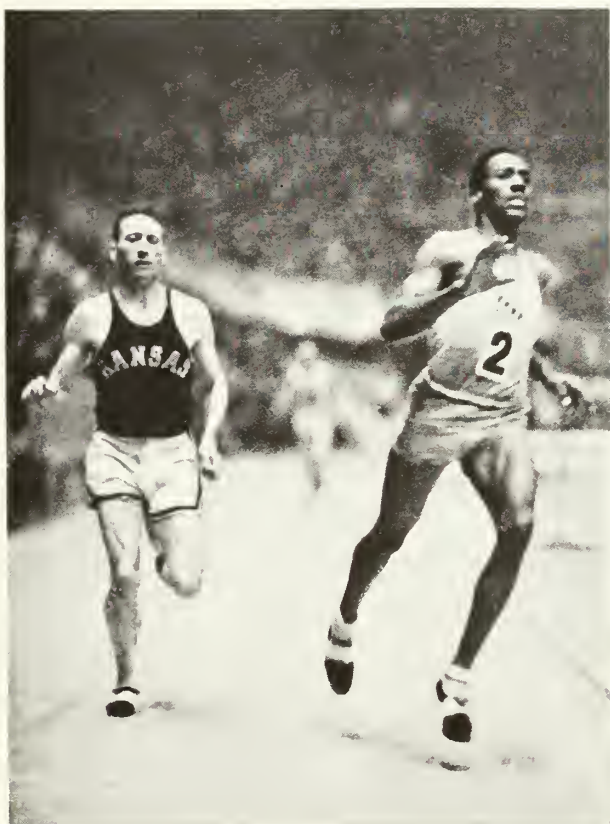
Next day Britt received the following telegram: **WON FOUR BOUTS BY KNOCKOUTS YOUR BIT FOLLOWS KETCHEL.** Britt was stunned. So far as he knew, Ketchel was en route to San Francisco from New York, and no bouts had been made for him. A quick checkup of the newspapers and the news agencies failed to reveal information about the world's middleweight champion engaging in recent bouts. But a few days later Britt's bit came in the form of thirty dollars' worth of cheap neckties. Britt was one of the hard-bitten, caustic ring pilots of the old school, but his weakness was neckties. Ketchel thought it would be a great joke to pay off his manager in cravats even if he had to kayo four men at \$25 per kayo to do it.

Those knockouts, of course, don't appear in the record books in the chronological summary of Stanley Ketchel's ring career, although they were just about as pretty as any knockouts you'd care to see. They were sub rosa—off the record—because Ketchel wanted to have a laugh on his manager—wanted to shock him by engaging in four unauthorized bouts and by deluging him with gaudy neckwear as his share of the proceeds.

There are many more instances like that in sporting annals—achievements that never found their way into the record books because, as in Ketchel's case, they were impromptu and unorthodox, or in other lines of sport because for some reason or another, they failed to be recognized.

Ketchel was the happiest harlequin of all the merry madmen of the prize ring even though he always packed a gun and had a constant premonition of meeting a violent death. One of the bravest human beings that ever walked, he was fearless to the point of sheer foolhardiness. Around New York he often made his headquarters at New Dorp, Staten Island. There, although he couldn't swim a stroke, he could often be seen paddling a mile off shore in a canoe. He just didn't believe that his violent death would be by drowning.

And because of his queer ideas, his tireless activity and his refusal to stand when hitched, more of his exploits remain off the record than those of any other boxer. In March, 1900, for instance, in a bout at the National Sporting Club, in New York, he knocked Philadelphia Jack O'Brien cold as a mackerel. But did he get credit for a knockout? He did not. It was a boxing incident, like the famous long count of the second Tunney-Dempsey fight in (Continued on page 42)



GREAT DAY

WHEN finally the band stopped playing, and the wild acclaim from the great throng that overflowed the little grove had finally hushed, the mayor stepped gravely to the front of the speaker's platform. It was quite several moments before the wailing children could be properly silenced, for the youngsters of all ages had caught the thrill of intense excitement that welled in parental breasts. The mayor had presided over crowds as large as this before, but never had he been so impressed with the solemnity of the moment. If he couldn't conceal his pride at being president at this awesome occasion, he didn't mind very much, he told himself, because it was a rightful and genuine pride. The listeners on the edge of the great crowd heard him quite plainly as he cleared his throat.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I am very happy to commence the activities on this great day of ours by introducing a gentleman who will recite for you word for word a document which I hope is familiar to you all, but which in any case is dear to each and every heart. Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you Mr. N. R. Smith."

Once more pent-up enthusiasm burst forth, and again several minutes passed before Mr. Smith felt it was quiet enough to begin. Finally overcoming a natural nervousness, even for so experienced a declaimer, he began what nearly everyone had expected, and looked forward to.

"A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled," announced Mr. Smith, enunciating each word with meticulous preciseness; and again he waited for the applause to subside.

"When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have

connected them with another . . ." he began, and everyone settled back to feast his ears on the words, which, as Mayor Snowden had said, were so dear to each heart. Even the children seemed less restless than usual as Mr. Smith rose to new heights at the proper places. The older people nodded with the dignity of age as the injuries and usurpations were once again submitted to a candid world. Now and then the mayor leaned over to his first vice-president, Mr. William B. Foster, to whisper his approval of the declamation. When at last had once

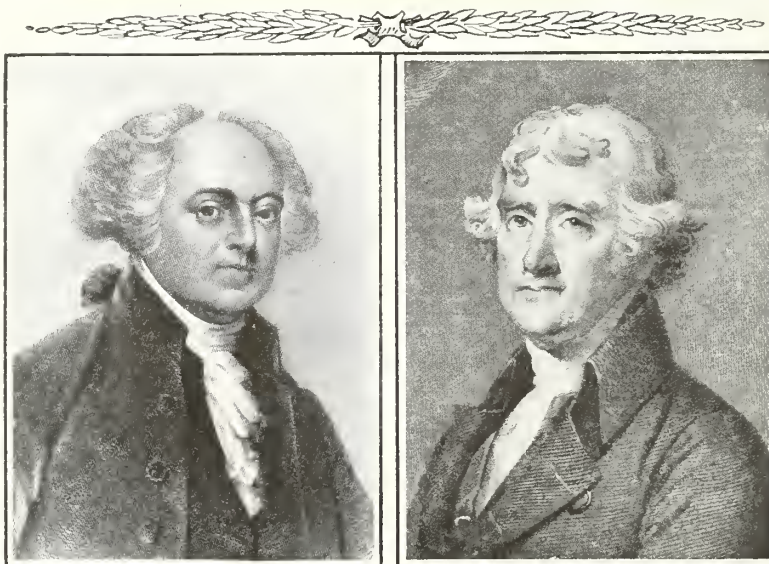
who was doubtless the only one there who was anxious to leave as soon as he felt he decently could. He had no choice in the matter, however, as it was to be his honor to propose the second of thirteen prepared toasts after the meal. He did feel, however, that he should leave after the planned-in-advance toasts, and not wait for the numerous ones which would be volunteered, for he had left his wife in the throes of childbirth, and even if it did happen to be the ninth, he felt considerably nervous, and he knew he very likely already had a new heir. It was quite

fitting, then, he thought, that as he proposed his toast "to the independence of the United States," that he should add, among other things, "the most sacred obligations are upon us to transmit this glorious purchase, unfettered by power, to our innocent and beloved offspring."

IN A cottage close by the grove Eliza Foster lay peacefully with her new-born son and listened to the banging of the cannon. The noise had not frightened her as some had suggested it might, for after all, she reflected, anyone who has already had eight children is not easily frightened. She

had worried a little over the effect of the noise on the tiny infant's ears. Her boy must not be deaf, she told herself, and covered his ears as best she could as he lay dozing. And she fell to wondering what this new boy of hers would do when he grew up. People were talking about the opportunities in the West. Would he perhaps settle out there?

She was not at all put out that her husband had left her for the jubilee at Foster's grove. If anything, she was gratified that he had been given so important a part in it, for her family, as well as her husband's, had been in America for many generations, and she was very proud of it. She wished she could have been there herself, but she was quite content to be alone with her new son.



John Adams

Thomas Jefferson

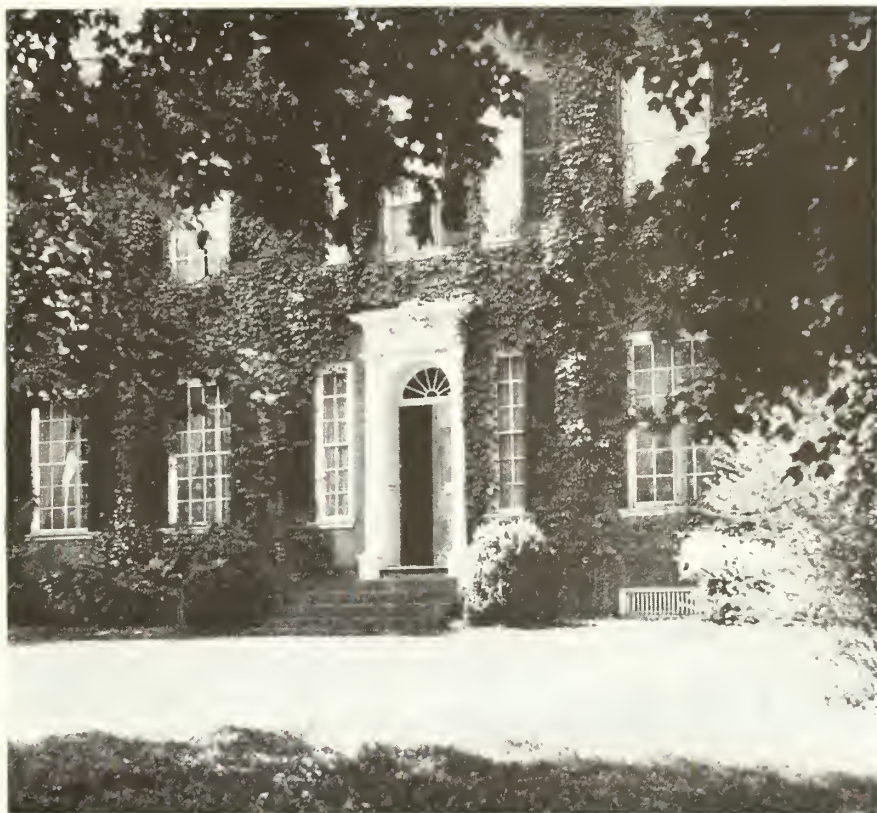
again been mutually pledged to each other "our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor," enthusiasm reached its greatest pitch, and patriotism knew no bounds. After the band played "Hail Columbia" and "The Star Spangled Banner," cannon were fired no fewer than fifty times. Old men who could remember the original celebrations said there had never been one like it before, and doubted there ever would be again. Mr. Samuel Frew, principal speaker of the day, prayed only that such sentiments and enthusiasm would prevail fifty years hence.

If the dinner which followed seemed to drag to unnecessary lengths, it was probably apparent to only one person. That was Mr. Foster, the vice-president,

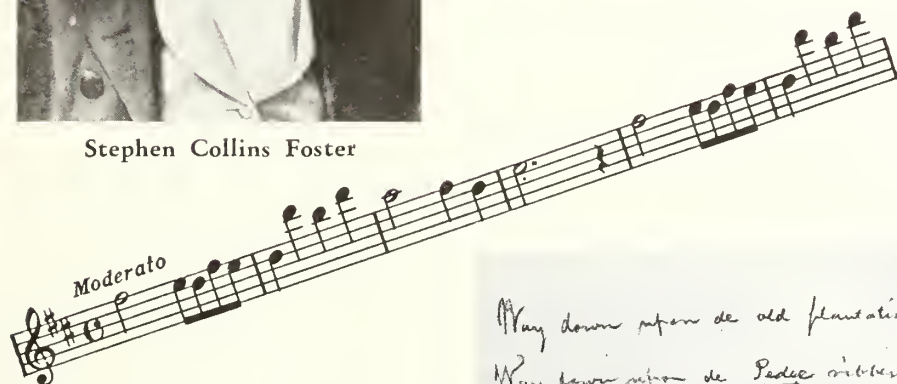
Boy SEWALL FISHER



Stephen Collins Foster



"My Old Kentucky Home"
at Bardstown, some thirty-
five miles southeast of Louis-
ville, now a state shrine.
Tradition says Foster wrote
the song which celebrates it
while visiting his uncle, who
was its owner



One of Foster's most loved songs in its early versions, with a North Carolina river yielding the palm to a comparatively insignificant Florida stream which, wholly because of this song, is a familiar name to people of remote lands who have scarcely heard of the Mississippi

You couldn't tell much about a baby who is less than two hours old, she admitted, but he looked like someone who might some day be greatly respected by his fellow-citizens, like his father. If this new child should achieve that eminence she would be more than satisfied.

THERE was plenty of time to reflect upon this glorious day, now that her son was here. She knew that some day he would be proud to be an American, just as all her other children would. Perhaps

Way down upon de old plantation
Way down upon de Paduca river
Far far away
Dere's where my heart is turning eber
Dere's where my troubles play
Way down upon de ^{Bowling} Green river
Far far away
Dere's where my heart is turning eber
Dere's where de old folks stay
All up and down de whole nation
Singing o' round
Still longing for de old plantation
And for de old folks at home

being born on the fourth of July had a special significance. Maybe he would some day achieve great things that would make all his fellow-countrymen feel proud that he was an American. Of course, he

might not amount to anything, but Mrs. Foster wouldn't think of that. Somehow, she had a feeling that some day all the world would know of her boy, and love him. One couldn't know about such things, but to be born on the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the beloved and celebrated Declaration of Independence did seem to be rather auspicious.

Mrs. Foster couldn't have known either that at that very moment two great Americans were breathing their last. Nor did she know that friends would think the coincidence so striking that they would write her weeks later to tell her that because of it she should by all means name the boy Jefferson Adams.

But that really didn't matter anyhow. Her mind was already made up on that score. The new child would not be named for any Revolutionary hero at all. Poor Mrs. Collins, her neighbor and

close friend since childhood, had just lost her boy, and she had quite decided to give her baby his name. She wanted to do it, and besides, that was a nice name — Stephen Collins Foster.

WHAT WE LIVE BY



By Thomas E. Brockhouse

A WINNER IN THE \$1500 PRIZE CONTEST

IN THE development of our nation from its earliest beginnings to the present time, several gems of patriotic American literature have been produced. They seemingly have been a spontaneous outgrowth caused by intense human thinking in connection with great events in our national life.

The Declaration of Independence, the Preamble to our national Constitution, the Constitution itself, the Bill of Rights, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and others, may be cited as outstanding examples of inspired Americana.

Alongside these other gems of American literature, the Preamble to our American Legion Constitution takes its proper and fitting place as a product of men inspired. To the million members of our Legion wheresoever dispersed over the globe this Preamble stands out as the best short creed of Americanism ever written.

It is my hope that this brief analysis of our Preamble will make it meaningful as a guide for individual and group action.

For God and Country we associate ourselves together for the following purposes.

Truly a fitting introduction for that which is to follow. First things have been put first and the way properly prepared for great statements of principle.

To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America.

Because of our maturity and experience we realize what can happen in countries where the fundamental law of the land is overthrown by violence or circum-

vented by expediency. We know our national Constitution was produced by the supreme efforts of men inspired. It has been flexible enough to serve our people for 150 years and seems destined to serve our people as long as time endures.

The Constitution is our guarantee of liberty, freedom and democracy. It is older than the fundamental law of any other modern nation. It has stood the test of time. We are proud as citizens and Legionnaires to reaffirm our allegiance to it every time we open a Legion meeting.

★ **To maintain law and order.**

This does not imply that we are to attempt to take over the police duty in any community. To do so would violate the idealism of other portions of this Preamble as well as rights of citizenship. It does mean, however, in clear-cut cases of necessity, such as disaster, or rehabilitation following disaster, that we should freely and willingly lend all possible assistance in caring for unfortunate victims. We should back up our law-enforcement officers at all times in their just effort to enforce the law.

The Legion as an organization wisely sponsors strict neutrality concerning partisan politics, religion, and industrial strife. What one does in this regard as an individual is his own affair.

★ **To foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism.**

Americanism is an idealism concerning our American way of life. It implies a sincere faith and

belief in a democratic, representative form of government with certain checks and balances to prevent usurpation of power that might impair our government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

It stands for individual rights, fair play, tolerance, justice, recognition of individual ability and reasonableness in all phases of American living. We cannot condone Americanism as sponsored by intolerant secret societies. Neither can we accept as the American way selfish, unjust practices of powerful groups in our industrial life.

We must guard with all our energy the human rights guaranteed by the Constitution. Destructive theories fostered by foreign money and influence aimed at the possible weakening or overthrow of our form of government must be combatted with all legitimate means. Liberty under the law must not be extended to protect license, anarchy, or treason under the law.

In our efforts to combat un-American influence, we must not, however, become such self-righteous super-patriots that we interpret liberalism as un-American and thereby injure a loyal fellow citizen.

★ **To preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War.**

It is hardly possible that we could ever forget them. Whether we served on foreign soil or remained in camp here at home the incidents and memories of service life are very much a part of our living and thinking. The extent and variety of our war experience determine the richness of our present memories.

The writer has just spent six months in a (*Continued on page 38*)

Ah, those AMERIKANSKIES

By George T. Armitage



A WINNER IN THE \$1500 PRIZE CONTEST

THE straight road to any nation's heart lies through its children. And no one knows this road better than the American doughboy. I like to think that in every foreign country where our military units have been temporarily stationed many of the populace have an abiding faith in America because of the innate kindness which Uncle Sam's representatives tendered to their young folks. I know in Siberia, where I served with the A. E. F. twenty years ago, the American soldier bombarded the youngsters with chewing gum (not with high explosives dropped sullenly on helpless cities), displayed his Ingersoll for their inspection or allowed them to examine his Springfield.

Occasionally he extended to them the high privilege of driving the mules! He was a pal to them and they liked it; and knowing that the children were happy had a wonderfully thawing effect on the parents. Consequently Mr. Doughboy was *persona grata*, and the American Government was "in right" with the population.

No matter what difficulties our American expedition may have experienced in Siberia with some cut-throat Cossack and guerrilla contingents, the

Russian moujiks, 1918-'19 variety, giving Yank soldiers a lift back to camp

attitude of the common Russian people toward us was unusually cordial, a feeling which no doubt resulted largely from our soldiers' treatment of their children. Of course the soldier didn't make advances to them through design. It came naturally to him, this friendly business, because he is built that way, and the children responded accordingly. Who could resist



The phonograph proved to be a never-ending source of wonder

that broad, bantering Yankee smile, and the big brown fist extended in comradeship?

We weren't in Siberia long before the youngsters began to follow us around, thoroughly enjoying the novelty of our presence. They didn't ask why we came or when we were going—embarrassing, unanswerable questions sometimes put by their politicians—but greeted us uproariously and prepared to monopolize the exciting situation. I often thought, when I saw a gang of them around our barracks or tents, how much it would have meant to us in our own kid-hood days to have had suddenly dropped down in our midst a whole expedition of foreign but friendly soldiers whose pockets were always full of money, and whose every possession was ours to command!

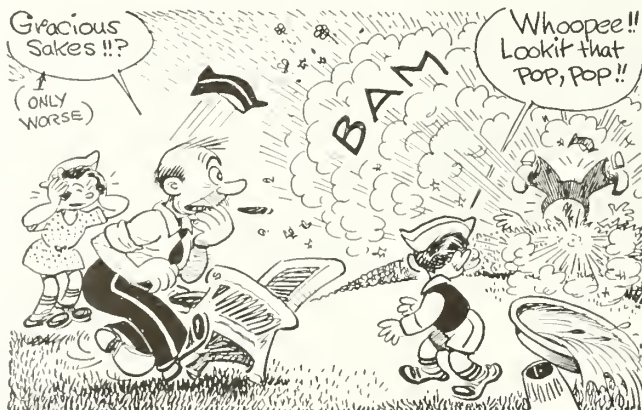
Unfortunately, the educational system following the Russian revolution had suffered in the general disruption of all social, governmental and commercial life in Siberia, and many pupils, especially the boys, would not go to *shkola* unless considerable pressure was exerted. Faced with graver problems of providing life's bare necessities, parents became indifferent, and teachers although competent had little authority.

When a detachment of American soldiers with all their trappings moved into a new location, setting up a camp surrounded with that veil of mystery so appealing to the small boy, no school on earth could have held him. The mechanics of military operation and the rattling of accoutrements was (Continued on page 44)

THE DUD THAT WASN'T

Better Treat 'Em All As If They Were Bursts

By Wallgren



LET'S STAY AMERICAN

NO OTHER country has so many diverse elements, racial and religious, as the United States of America. If the earliest settlers coming from Europe were chiefly English their unity as colonists was confined to their nationality, for in their religious outlook and in their theories of government Virginia, Massachusetts, and Maryland were at the first far, far apart. The first century after Jamestown saw colonies of Dutch, Swedes, French, with increments of Irish and Scotch, Germans and other Europeans established along the Atlantic seaboard. All have had a share in achieving the America we know today.

The nation to which they made their several contributions had fertile soil, a varied climate, and other kindly conditions allowing for growth and expansion to the north, the south, and particularly to the west—"the course of empire" now for at least three thousand years. But these kindly conditions would have availed not at all if the various elements of the population had not learned over the years the lessons of toleration and coöperation.

By the time the Thirteen Colonies had achieved their independence, public opinion was ready to accept the declarations of its leaders, North and South, that the new nation must have no monarchy, no class privileged to rule by virtue of birth or wealth, no aristocracy of birth or title, no state religion, no barriers to the free interchange of goods or movement of persons across state lines. From strength to strength it went on to become a world power.

The century that closed in 1930 saw one of the greatest migrations of all times as the United States became established as a land of opportunity. During that century the form of government established under the Constitution and the development of our natural resources brought 38 millions to the United States of America to seek a more prosperous life. And these incoming millions made their contributions to the growth of this, our America.

The onset of the depression, bringing widespread economic distress to our country, demonstrated the wisdom of the immigration restrictions that had been established in 1924. It became generally more apparent that if we were to care for those who had migrated to this country prior to 1930, we must intensify our efforts to protect those who were within our borders. The need to draw off from the Melting Pot, a term employed by the Frenchman Crèvecoeur in the 1780's to describe the assimilative processes of Americanism, a group of citizens willing and able to deal with the problems and duties facing them became more clearly defined.

It is this necessity to find a solution for the economic and humanitarian problems that face our America in this decade

which has motivated the Legion in its established policy of working to cut off the flow of immigration until those who are now here have reached their goal—the individual's right to enjoy the American Way of Life. The Legion's motives in the matter of immigration are not narrowly nationalistic, nor are they conceived in prejudice against any peoples. They are dictated by the necessities which face us as a nation. The Legion has the utmost faith in the intelligence and virility of the people of the United States and in their ability to find a solution to the economic woes which have settled upon us in recent years, as they have settled, and more heavily, upon other peoples throughout the world. But we do not blink the fact that millions of our own citizens are still out of work.

As a corollary to its stand against letting down of the immigration bars the Legion works day in and day out for the acceptance by all our people of the doctrine of American democracy and all that it implies. There are some within our borders who would have us as a nation follow in the footsteps of the Russian soviets and espouse communism, which is a repudiation of the conditions under which our nation has grown to greatness.

There are others who wish us to follow the example of Italy and Germany and set up a different type of authoritarian government which too would make the individual the slave of the state—under a different set of shibboleths from those of the soviets but with conditions touching the individual citizen precisely the same. And probably there are some who think that a form of monarchy would solve all our problems. But the vast majority of our people stand with the Legion ready to defend the Constitution of the United States and the characteristic institutions which have risen on that foundation stone of our greatness as a nation.

We Americans don't propose to force our form of democracy on other nations. We have no brief for dictators or their works, but we'll fight them only if they menace truly American interests, and we are not letting any other nation decide for us just when or for what we'll fight. We know enough history to realize that dictators "have their day and cease to be," that time is decidedly not on their side. But as National Commander Chadwick declared on a recent occasion, "Why should we become involved in an impossible situation that Europe's citizens will settle for themselves in their own good time? Why should we struggle to force the theory of democratic government on other peoples? Why should we pick this nation or that nation to help us spread the benefits of our theory of government? We've got our hands full to maintain and preserve our own design for living. Let's not butt into other people's affairs."



THE COVER

IN the light of present world conditions and the isms that are rampant, it is fitting to bring graphically to the minds of Americans the only ism which every true American can support—Americanism.

Archibald M. Willard's painting "The Spirit of '76" has become as American as Independence Hall, and proclaims more loudly each year the spirit that is America.

Once again we have called on the renowned puppeteer Forrest C. Crooks to interpret this spirited painting with all the realism that his life-like puppets permit. These figures are 15 inches high and are dressed to the exactness of the painting. The coloration of the set, the lighting and cast shadows, the broken wheel, the dying soldier in the foreground raising himself for one last salute to Old Glory are in exact relationship to the original painting.

Willard, a veteran of the Civil War, painted his picture back in the 70's after witnessing a competitive military drill of the public schools in Cleveland, Ohio. The painting was bought in 1880 by General John H. Devereau, the father of the drummer boy, and presented to the town of Marblehead, Massachusetts.

Despite the incidental error of showing a flag of thirteen stripes and thirteen stars on a blue field, a flag some authorities claim did not exist in 1776, the spirit of this painting makes it second to none in exalting that patriotism that is America.



NATIONAL Commander Stephen Chadwick predicted a few weeks ago that the Twenty-First Annual National Convention of The American Legion would be the greatest convention ever held.

When the National Commander made that statement, he had in mind two significant things about this convention—first, that it will be America's and the world's greatest lesson in the spirit of democracy in these troubled times and, second, that the convention will be held where the most people can get to it in the shortest time and at the least expense. The convention will be held in Chicago, September 25th through 28th.

What can Chicago have to offer the quarter of a million Legionnaires, members of the Legion Auxiliary and Sons of the Legion in the way of accessibility, all-round accommodations and pleasure and recreation facilities that make it America's finest convention city?

Let's consider transportation.

Chicago is within one night's ride of 60,000,000 Americans. More people can board a train and travel to Chicago without change of cars than to any other city on the continent.

Nineteen hundred and eighty passenger trains, of thirty-eight railroads, arrive and depart daily—one every forty-four seconds.

Radiating from Chicago are thirty bus lines reaching every section of the United States; eighteen aviation routes extending more than 20,000 miles; nine regular Great Lakes steamship passenger lines;

and the finest automobile highway system in the world.

For the greatest percentage of Americans, Chicago is the one great city that can be reached with the cheapest average transportation costs.

In the city itself, Chicago offers the most comprehensive street car network known to man, with an average of a well-equipped line every three blocks; an elevated railway system with sixteen routes and extending 231 miles; a modern motor coach system with twenty-seven branch lines; and two thoroughly established taxi companies with rates among the lowest of any large city in America.

Probably most important, Chicago offers to the visitor who drives his own car convenient parking facilities for 40,000 transient automobiles, miles of good streets and attractive boulevards, a sane and easily understood traffic system, and a carefully selected corps of traffic officers whose sympathetic understanding of the stranger's problem has merited the national acclaim it has received.

Usually, the biggest of all convention worries—can I find a room at my price in a convenient location?—presents no problem here.

Right down in Chicago's very heart of things there are more than 17,000 centralized, first-class guest rooms. And out just a bit along the shores of Lake Michigan or near the parks there are just as many more.

All in all, Chicago can handle 400,000 hotel guests every day in the year.

Rates? That's entirely up to you, de-



His Honor the Mayor

pending on the facility selected. And it is the same with meals. There will be no increases during the convention. Prices will fit any pocketbook.

Chicago wants to entertain the Legion again, and there is no better way of accomplishing this ambition than by seeing that you are comfortably and reasonably housed and fed.

Recreational and pleasure opportunities during your stay in Chicago this September will be unexcelled.

Two famous ball clubs—last year's National League pennant winners, the Cubs; and the White Sox—have sched-

You're COMING AGAIN

uled games in the city in the period of The American Legion's convention. The Cubs play the St. Louis Cards here on September 29, 30 and October 1. The Sox meet the St. Louis Browns at Comiskey Park in South Chicago on September 23, 24 and 25, and the Cleveland Indians, on September 26 and 27.

The football season will be opening up with the University of Chicago meeting Beloit College at Stagg Field on September 30 and the Northwestern Wildcats taking on Oklahoma University at Dyche Stadium in Evanston on October 7.

For the gourmet, or for the unsophisticated palate, Chicago has more than 4,100 restaurants. If you are longing for a rendezvous with a world-famous chef, orchestra or floor show, you will find it here in Chicago. If you have a long-pent-up desire to go racial and feast yourself on the much-discussed delicacies of a real French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Kosher, Chinese or Greek eating house, you also can satisfy yourself. Or if you wants are modest, and you prefer just the kind of food you like at home—and at the same kind of prices, too—Chicago is still your answer.

So far as movies and the legitimate theater are concerned, it is just a case of what you want to see. The same movies that are showing in New York and Hollywood are generally found to be running coincidentally in any of a score or more of Chicago's bigger houses, and the same

shows and actors are as familiar in the Loop as they are along the Great White Way.

Chicago's shops rank all the way from the world's largest department stores down to the most select specialty shops. There are almost 44,000 retail stores in the city.

You and your family need have no concern about church facilities. Most of you will most likely arrive on Sunday, September 24, or before, and will stay the week through in the city. There are 1,650 churches here representing all denominations and nationalities. Then, too, there are several non-sectarian organizations conducted especially for the visitors in town.

You'll want to visit Chicago's extensive park system. There are 205 well-kept parks and playgrounds connected by boulevards offering ninety-eight miles of continuous driving. Old Fort Dearborn, the first landing point of Father Marquette, and countless other historical landmarks recalling Chicago's meteoric rise from an obscure Indian trading post—beautiful horticultural gardens—Lorado Taft's famous sculptural masterpiece, "The March of Time"—Buckingham Fountain, with its multi-colored waters—all these will vary your visit as

they have those of millions of others of Chicago's guests.

Beautiful parks, monuments, playgrounds, museums, libraries, schools—every worthwhile city has its share. But where outside of Chicago can you find such unusual institutions as—

The Adler Planetarium, located on the Lake front and open to the public, has made study of the heavens a layman's pleasure. Here daily the planets, the stars, the moon, the entire celestial orbit reproduce under a dome over your head the mysterious workings of the universe. The seasons come and go, and the sky discloses its workings at the North and South Poles, and the equator.

Brookfield Zoo, America's most unusual zoo, where instead of cages and bars, wide ditches separate the spectator from the animals. This unique method of exhibition, supported by man-made mountains, gullies and forests enables you to see them in their native habitats.

Shedd Aquarium, newest and most complete aquarium in the world, with more than 10,000 finny specimens ranging all the way from the walking fish of Africa to the weirdest and most colorful representatives of deep sea life.

Chicago Historical Museum—no better collection of American historical mementoes exists than that displayed in this new Museum—the anchor dropped by Columbus when he discovered America—the deathbed of Abraham Lincoln—relics of the Spanish explorers, of the French voyageurs and of the Indian Northwest—

(Continued on page 38)

Soldier Field, the world's greatest stadium. Ideally adapted for outdoor spectacles, it will have an important part in the Chicago convention doings





St. Louis staged one of the greatest public mass initiations ever attempted when 1,907 candidates were inducted into the organization in a colorful ceremony at the great Municipal Auditorium

JUST a little more than twelve years ago the papers were filled with the *Spirit of St. Louis* which, no one needs to be reminded, was the name of an airship which carried an intrepid young aviator across the trackless wastes of the Atlantic, and bore him safely through a pioneer flight to immortal fame and glory. The Lone Eagle and his *Spirit of St. Louis* made history; working together, the man and the machine set forward the clock of human progress and pointed the way to the established trans-oceanic air services of today.

But that was not the first time St. Louis made the headlines and at the same time fixed its name permanently and imperishably with a great event. Some eight years before Lindbergh found support and encouragement in that city to start out on his world-moving flight, a group of young men had met there with the determination to weld into one great organization the veterans of the recently-concluded World War. They had a name—The American Legion; unbounded confidence in their undertaking; the hope of youth which springs eternal, and the

unquenchable spirit which so well typifies the city selected for their meeting. This group launched the Legion in those May days in 1919.

St. Louis again responded and made history when, in 1935, it opened wide its arms to welcome the Sixteenth National Convention, representing an organization grown strong and mighty in public favor. Contrasting sharply with the comparatively small group which had set the Legion on the high road some sixteen years before, the Legion hosts on parade day marched for eight solid hours over its historic streets, with cheering thousands lining the streets along the entire route of the parade.

Again, on the evening of April 28, 1939, history was made in St. Louis when in a great Americanism meeting held in the Municipal Auditorium, meeting place of the 1935 National Convention, one of the greatest mass initiations ever attempted was staged, when 1,907 veterans of the World War were inducted into the organization. Conceived by Thom. R. McCambridge, Chairman of the St. Louis Membership Council, as an Americanism demonstration and with 1,000 new members set as the



The SPIRIT



goal, the members of the committee surprised even themselves by enrolling a record number of 1,907. The ceremony was thrown open to the public and the response was even more gratifying—something like 15,000 St. Louisans crowded into the great auditorium and a crowd estimated at 3,000 was turned away for lack of seating space.

The class was named in honor of Fred A. Bottger, Commander of the Department of Missouri, and the meeting was sponsored by the sixty-three American Legion Posts of St. Louis and St. Louis County, which compose the Eleventh and Twelfth Districts. Legionnaire Bernard F. Dickmann, Mayor of the City of St. Louis, occupied the Commander's station during the impressive initiation ceremony. The chair of the Past Commander was occupied by Dr. J. L. Bischof, who took the place of Legionnaire Lloyd G. Stark, Governor of Missouri,

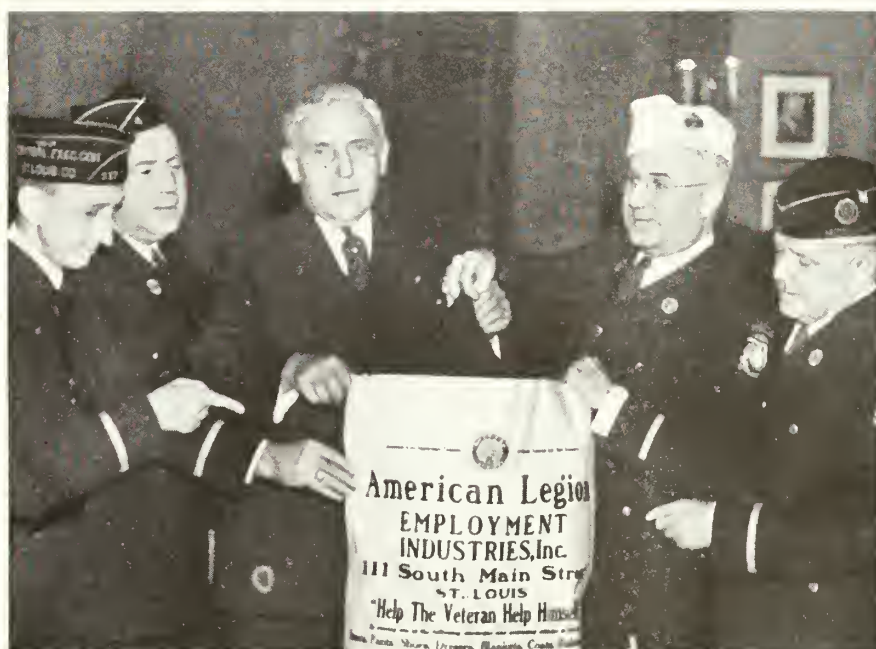


of ST. LOUIS

who was prevented from attendance by a press of official duties; Past Department Commander Jesse W. Barrett, former Attorney General of Missouri, served as First Vice Commander, and Legionnaire James M. Douglas, Judge of the Supreme Court, filled the post of the Second Vice Commander; appropriately enough he delivered the charge of "justice" to the 1,907 candidates. Past National Chaplain Thomas D. Kennedy, Past Department Chaplain Harold L. Reader, and Past Chaplain Morris Stone, of Jerome L. Goldman Post, assisted in the ceremony.

The entire program was broadcast by three radio stations, thus reaching a far greater audience than that assembled in the auditorium to witness the ceremony. Music for the great meeting was furnished by Musicians' Post Band, which has twice held the honor as National Champion Legion Band, under the direction of Paul Vegna. President Roosevelt wired his felicitations and expressed the hope that "this exemplification of patriotism will inspire all to a greater love for our country and a deeper appreciation of our free institutions."

While plans were being made for the great Americanism meeting and mass initiation, another group of St. Louis



Legionnaire Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann and Department Commander Fred A. Bottger with active Directors, start the work of the St. Louis American Legion Employment Industries with a ceremony at the Mayor's office

Legion workers were setting on foot an industrial employment project which will care for the needs of many disabled veterans, sponsored by the Council of Post Service Officers of the Tenth,

Eleventh and Twelfth Districts, with all Posts coöperating. It is a plan to collect cast-off articles of clothing, discarded household furnishings, and other saleable articles which can be reconditioned and



Worsham Post, Henderson, Kentucky, finds comfort and dispenses cheer in its splendid club home. Below, the new home of Campbell County Post, Gillette, Wyoming, which will be ready for use early in July



reclaimed, and work this material over in a central plant set up in an old factory building, which has been acquired for that purpose.

The enterprise has been incorporated under the name of The American Legion Employment Industries and will be operated on a non-profit basis, its sole purpose to create wage-paying jobs for war veterans, and their wives or widows, unable now to get self-supporting jobs.

"We shall have a minimum wage of \$2 a day for beginners in our work departments," says Charles T. Burgess, President of the organization. "The average war veteran wants to earn a living for himself and his family, and we know the people of St. Louis and St. Louis County are glad to aid him to do this, for hundreds of calls are coming to us from homes and business places having discarded things to give us."

Initial capital of \$5,000 was furnished by the sponsoring Posts and the Industries opened on March 28th with two paid employees. Approximately 30,000 large bags were distributed over the city for the collection of clothing and small articles, and the return was so heavy

that after a week or so it was necessary to keep four trucks in service to collect and make deliveries, and by May 13th, when the first retail store was opened, the number of factory employes had grown to twenty-three, with plans to increase the staff to fifty before the end of June. Two more retail stores to provide an outlet for the merchandise now on hand will be opened, and any profits accruing from the business will be used for additional equipment and to create additional opportunities for employment, including an increase in the minimum wage now paid to the workers. The project is under the management of a board of twenty-three directors, all of whom are officials and executives of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary.

Writing of the project, President Burgess says: "Regardless of the many worth-while activities of The American Legion, there is none of greater importance to each individual member than the problem of employment. This is a problem that will be with the veterans of the World War from now on until the end of their time, and one

which neither the Legion nor the Government will ever be able to solve in a satisfactory manner.

"We find that the public is eager to coöperate to the fullest extent when informed of just what we are trying to do—it is simply to help the veteran help himself by making a job for him in order that he can take care of his obligations and not be an object of charity. And furthermore, the operation of The American Legion Employment Industries serves a fourth purpose, because when you give a man employment and make him at least partially self-supporting the need for child

Gess hoo!!



welfare, rehabilitation and social service is curtailed. And it naturally follows that this activity will tend to reduce the burden of St. Louis and St. Louis County by keeping these men from becoming recipients of charity from the relief bureaus set up by State and Federal authority, and by the various social service organizations."

A Derby Winner

WORSHAM Post of Henderson, Kentucky, has made such an outstanding record in the community service field that the Post Publicity Chairman, Paul Banks, has good cause to stick his chest out when he writes of its accomplishment. The Post has a membership of around three hundred, with three hundred and fifty set as the goal for 1939, but it has financed and enjoys a splendid home which, with equipment, cost in the neighborhood of \$40,000. On July 1, 1938, Worsham Post established a death benefit fund of \$100 payable to the estate of any member who had been in good standing for two consecutive years at the time of his death. The Post has had four deaths during the first year, and has promptly paid the claims.

The Post sponsors a fifty-piece boys' drum and bugle corps, and maintains a school patrol of sixty-two members. It furnishes material to keep twelve women employed annually in repairing toys for distribution at Christmas time, preparing boxes for children and other holiday season necessities, and pays one-half of a monthly rent for quarters for a sewing project. Cash contributions are made to the Red Cross, Salvation Army, Y. M. C. A., and other social service and character-



building organizations. And one of its most recent contributions was the appropriation of funds to purchase and present to each school in Henderson copies of the painting of General John J. Pershing by John Doctoroff, which has been made available to Posts and Legionnaires by the Emblem Division at National Headquarters.

"We have two regular meetings each month," says Publicographer Banks, "the first and third Monday evening. A free supper is served at 7 o'clock and, as you can easily guess, this encourages a good attendance. Last meeting night we had two hundred and forty-five present, including fifty-two from neighboring Posts. Legionnaires from other towns use our club home freely, and we are glad to have them."



High-stepping, baton-twirling twin sisters, Misses Jean and Joan Kautz, drum majorettes of the West Point (Nebraska) Legion Junior Drum and Bugle Corps. The sisters also strut their stuff for the West Point High School band

Ride 'Em, Cowboy!

"GILLETTE, Wyoming, is one of the last old-time cowtowns on the last frontier," writes Harry K. Hays, Adjutant of Campbell County Post at Gillette. "Just a few short years ago we boasted of three general merchandise stores and six saloons, and although now we see new cars parked where we used to see cow ponies tied to the hitch-racks, it is still more or less a cowtown. Four years ago Campbell County Post decided to add the sponsorship of a rodeo to its

many other activities, and after a season of heavy thought, a rodeo committee of three cowboy ranchers was named—Noble Cates, Lawrence Ricks, and Bill Eaton. Then things started to move.

"Through the coöperation of the County Commissioners one of the best rodeo arenas in the west was constructed and after the first meet, when all the bills were paid, the Post found itself about \$200 in the hole. But it had proved satisfactorily that it was possible to put on a good rodeo without professional talent. Other meets have borne out that conclusion and the Gillette rodeo has been called the biggest and fastest amateur show in America. The fifth rodeo will be held on July 2d, 3d and 4th, with, we hope, a greatly increased attendance. Last year cars from thirty-six States were spotted on the ground, in addition to one from Canada, one from Hawaii and one from South Africa.

"Campbell County Post has a building project under way and hopes to be in its new home before the 1939 meet, where visiting Legionnaires will always be welcome. The new home is sixty by ninety feet, with full basement, and will be ample to care for our membership of one hundred and fifteen with plenty of room for guests."

Independent Rhode Island

RHODE ISLAND, smallest of the States, jumped the gun on its sister colonies and declared its independence on May 4th, just two months before the adoption of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia on July 4, 1776. Rhode Island Inde-

pendence Day is celebrated each year, which gives that State the edge over all the others in that it has two Independence Days.

The official Legion celebration this year took the form of a dinner at the Biltmore Hotel, at Providence, where four hundred Legionnaires gathered, including Legionnaire Governor William H. Vanderbilt and other dignitaries, to hear Legionnaire Theodore Roosevelt deliver the address of the evening. The speaker was hailed as "Number One Legionnaire" and remained after the festivities of evening had been concluded to fight over the battles of the First Division with men of his war-time outfit, headed by Department Commander Jack Baird.

A Pennsylvania Record

WITH a membership approximating seven hundred, John D. Stark Post of Pittston, Pennsylvania—up in the anthracite region—has carved out a unique record for itself and by its public service has earned the sincere esteem of all in the area it serves. Here are a few of the larger projects which this Post has carried to a successful issue:

Established a fund of nearly \$60,000 for the purpose of paying the estate of each Post member, at his death, a substantial sum to aid in burial expenses. Set aside a fund of \$28,000, in trust, to guarantee an (Continued on page 52)



Someone has just told a funny one! Department Commander John E. Baird, Governor William H. Vanderbilt, Theodore Roosevelt and Department Adjutant Clarence W. Lambert hold an informal session after celebrating Rhode Island's Independence Day

MORE *about* Madelon

YOU all remember Madelon—the Madelon the A. E. F. learned to sing about to the tune of a lilting French march—but the Madelon that E. Melville Price told about in the January issue. That Madelon, as you may recall, was a Belgian Shepherd pup which Sergeant 1st Price, Med. Det., had acquired shortly after the Armistice when he was serving with the Philadelphia Hospital Unit (officially Base Hospital No. 10, that later became No. 16 General Hospital at Le Tréport when it was loaned to the British.) He told a tale of the trials and tribulations he underwent getting that said pup back home to the States with him—how, after his transfer to Fort Bougon at Brest, on the homeward journey, he and other casuals secreted Madelon in their hut during inspections by General Smedley Butler and by General Pershing, how the pup was smuggled aboard the *Ortega* in his musette bag, how the British captain of the transport told him that the dog could not be taken from the ship, and finally, how he dropped Madelon to the deck of one of the boats of the Mayor's Committee of Welcome, which had come alongside in New York Harbor, and his A. E. F. pet was delivered to the home of his mother in New York City.

We thought it a peach of a yarn and while we didn't doubt Mel Price's veracity, we are from Missouri. It wasn't long after the story appeared, however, that we were literally shown, and we pass the confirming evidence on to you in the accompanying illustration. It came to us in a letter from Bayard R. Kraft, twenty-year member and Past Commander of Tatem-Shields Post, Collingswood, New Jersey, whose address is 728 Cooper Street, Camden, New Jersey. And here's the letter and extracts from an account of service Comrade Kraft sent to us:

"I read with a great deal of interest Mel Price's story in the January issue, and I am herewith enclosing the only picture of Madelon that I have. I do not

have the negative as although we had several cameras with us, they were strictly taboo and we had to sneak pictures, develop the film and hide the negatives in tin cans which we buried in the ground.

"The snapshot was taken outside the Medical Division Office of Base Hospital No. 10 at Le Tréport, France. Reading from left to right are Sergeant 1st E. Melville Price, holding Madelon, the dog of the



McLaughlin (deceased), and Sgt. Otto E. Baker. My office as Medical Ward Master was some twenty feet from the spot where the picture was taken, and the men shown made up the complete non-com staff of the Medical Division, which always carried a bed state of 1080 beds.

"Being attached to the British, we had a non-coms' mess where Madelon was a great favorite. I have not seen Mel

since he left the outfit in February of 1919, but knew that Madelon had reached this country. Now his story fills the gap. Latrine rumor hath it that Madelon was a fond mother on several occasions. Perhaps Mel will straighten us out on this point. Perhaps, also, some other vet of our Unit may have a better picture of Madelon and if so, I would certainly be interested in having a copy.

"A little about our outfit—the best in any man's army! It was known as Base Hospital No. 10, A. E. F. and was one of the six American Base Hospitals asked for by Lord Balfour and loaned to the



An actual photograph of Madelon, held by its master, Mel Price, ex-Base Hospital No. 10, who told about its demobilization, in a recent issue. The picture was taken at Le Tréport, France, before Price left his pals on his trek homeward

story; Sergeant 1st Bayard R. Kraft; Major Arthur Newlin, Chief Medical Director; Sergeant Francis Leonard Sibley (deceased), Corporal Henry E. Sterline, and, seated, Sergeant George J.

British government immediately. We were recruited in Philadelphia and enlisted on May 7, 1917, and most of us were discharged at Camp Dix, New Jersey on April 24, 1919, after service of two years less a couple of weeks. We drilled all day long in the First City Troop Armory from the date of our enlistment until May 18, 1917, when we trained for New York and immediately em-





Not a cattle-boat, but a horse boat, the U. S. S. Liberator of the N. O. T. S. unloading its live cargo at Bordeaux in December, 1918. Gobs Higginson and Gentry are among the group. Do you know the rest of the sailors and soldiers?

barked on the S. S. *St. Paul* of the U. S. Lines, on which ship was also Base Hospital No. 21 of St. Louis. We shoved off May 19th, arrived in Liverpool, England, May 27th, en route passing quite close to the later ill-fated *Cyclops*.

"Early in June, across the Channel to LeHavre and within twenty-four hours we entrained for Le Tréport, our base for the following twenty-two months. Transferred to the use of the British, we changed our designation to No. 16 General Hospital, B. E. F., and were immediately assigned to duty. With a personnel sufficient for an American Base Hospital of 500 beds, we found ourselves, after some 300 Tommies marched out, with a 2180-bed hospital on our hands—1100 in Medical Division, 900 in Surgical, and 180 in Isolation, the latter one of four maintained by the British in France, in which we ultimately treated everything from chicken pox to leprosy. Colonel Matthew A. Delaney, our C. O., immediately asked for more personnel and early in September, 1917, 8 officers, 32 nurses and 47 other ranks—the latter including Mel Price—arrived.

"Records show that our hospital from June 13, 1917, until February 4, 1919, when the last patient left for Blighty, received 47,811 cases or 2451 a month for 19½ months. Out of that vast number we had a total of only 538 deaths.

"Mel Price did his bit and did it mighty well. I have seen every bed in Medical Division filled and anywhere from 300 to 700 walking cases bound for Blighty sit-

ting on benches, tables and the floor of our big mess hall, and there were Mel and Len Sibley with tags and records of each one ready, so he could be sent off at once.



Boy Scout Donald Bevis of Southampton, England, aboard the U. S. S. Nopatin in 1918. Is he the "littlest Scout" about whom we recently learned?

In his spare time, Mel and his force were kept busy getting the records of those coming in — and teaching his pooch, Madelon, to conduct herself as only a lady should.

"Mel, and Madelon, then about

seven months old, left us in February of 1919 and until Mel's recent story we had nothing but latrine rumors of her adventures, and, believe me, she was some pup!

"It might interest the old gang to know that on May 18, 1937, 164 veterans of Base 16 attended a dinner in Philadelphia to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the Unit's sailing overseas."

N. O. T. S.—There's a service abbreviation new to the Then and Now record and this department admits that it was stumped for a time. But the initials resolved themselves simply into Naval Overseas Transportation Service, which consisted of some 450 cargo ships that carried millions of tons of food, supplies, munitions, guns, fuel and other materials for our army and naval forces overseas. We're sure this is the first time the N. O. T. S. has received recognition in these columns and we can thank Legionnaire W. S. Reed of 7349 South Damen Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, for speaking for his outfit and sending us the picture we display, which he suggests might be titled "Unloading Bronchos at Bordeaux." O. K., gob, spin your yarn:

"The enclosed picture is probably one of a very few showing a scene of this type and if you can publish it, it will



provoke a good many horse laughs at the N. O. T. S. I can identify the two gobs in the foreground as Higginson of Oakland, California, and Gentry of Montana. The ship was the U. S. S. *Liberator*—animal cargo.

"I don't remember just when we left the States on this particular trip, but I do know when we got back because I believe it was one of the most miserable trips in many respects that any crew in the N. O. T. S. ever experienced. We left Bordeaux sometime around December 1, 1918, and arrived on the 22d of that month.

"The dock authorities at Hoboken had built wooden platforms on main, first and second decks with stalls, etc., on the top deck. I recall the platforms weren't long enough for a horse and when the ship rolled, the hind feet of Mr. Horse skidded in all directions and with the shower of straw, waste and flying spray, one can imagine what a perfect picnic all hands, much less the mess cooks, had.



The above picture of some of the German crew of the *Kronprinz Wilhelm* was taken when the ship was still serving our ex-enemy as a sea-raider. At left, two of the German raiders, the *Prinz Eitel Friederich*, in foreground, and the *Wilhelm*, in back, after their internment at Norfolk Navy Yard. The miniature village was constructed by their interned sailors

so were we. We rowed and rowed until finally we came to about five miles out to sea, with well-blistered hands. A destroyer came alongside, threw us a line and towed us back to the ship. By that time we were so all in we couldn't even get over to the ship when turned loose by the destroyer, and she had to pick us up again. You should have heard that skipper cuss us out. As our skipper and all the officers were ashore, we didn't catch hell, as the O. D. just grinned and wise-cracked at us.

"I wonder, if the picture appears, if we can find out who the other gobs and the soldiers in the group are? They and their shipmates and comrades will probably have a good laugh at a lot of past misery. I am hoping to have a reunion of *Liberator* veterans here in Chicago during the Legion National Convention, September 25th to 28th, and wish all old shipmates would write to me promptly."



We arrived safely overseas, although a sub could easily have followed us all the way across from the smell and the debris.

"When we sailed, the deck crew had to take up all built-in platforms, throw manure overboard by hoisting it up out of the holds in bushel baskets, one by one. Then wash down with hose, broom and brush all platforms and stalls. Many of the crew were from western States and were hoping to see the world through a porthole—and look what they got! Only memories of home! To make matters worse, we were traveling light, just ballast, and so the ship rolled, pitched and stood on her nose. It snowed and sleeted and the wind blew a 70-mile gale for days. Dry?—don't make me laugh! Clean up?—no chance. Hungry?—what we would have given for some clean-smelling ham and—

"We had manure in our bunks and in our clothes, and our beans smelled and tasted the same way. I know guys who after trying to stay clean, couldn't keep their North Sea underwear on until we got back—so threw them out a port.

There wasn't enough water with which to wash yourself, much less launder underwear.

"The skipper took us safely into any port and I don't know how, as we were in fog, snow and sleet so long we didn't know whether the sun ever shone on our part of the ocean or not. But on the return, we finally dropped our mudhooks in Gravesend Bay, I believe it was—anyway it was right off Coney Island and if you never saw Coney in winter try the scenery sometime, although even it looked good to us. I traded my 72-hour leave with some chap from nearby Brooklyn, New York, and stayed aboard for Christmas.

"A coxswain and several of us, however, went ashore for the mail when the tide was coming in. We all got to feeling pretty good and started back to the *Liberator*. The tide was going out and



PERHAPS—who knows for certain?—we have discovered who "The Littlest Scout" about whom Comrade Owen M. Mothershead of Indianapolis told us in the March issue, was. Recall Mothershead's story of the all-day wait on the docks at Southampton, England, with his Company C of the 311th Ammunition Train, and the unexpected appearance of a young Scout who in a businesslike and military manner escorted the com-

pany to the boat that was to take them across the Channel to France?

The picture of the scout that you see in these pages came with this letter from Legionnaire J. H. Harrington, ex-Quartermaster, U. S. S. *Nopatin*, of 7620 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois:

"The story, 'The Littlest Scout,' which appeared in the March issue brought back recollections of my stay in Southampton, England, between July, 1918, and June, 1919. I am sure from Owen Mothershead's description, he has given a complete picture of English Boy Scout Donald Bevis who worked from the Admiralty Office in the dock yard.

"The enclosed snapshot is one of Donald which I took on one of the many visits he made to the U. S. S. *Nopatin*. Through me, Donald had acquired a taste for candy from our ship's canteen, and apple pie built by the Navy's supreme pie baker, Jolivet. In return, Donald's father, of Haddon & Bevis, coal merchants of Southampton, invited me to his home several times for tea, which in those times consisted of tea and the usual bread and marmalade.

"Mothershead's thoughts certainly hit this little fellow on the head, only he was small for his age as the picture will no doubt show. I believe he was 10. On several occasions since 1919 I have written to Donald. My letters were never returned, but I never received a reply.

"Four U. S. Navy ships, the *Vale*, *Charles*, *Narragansett* and *Nopatin*, operated from Southampton, carrying troops to French channel ports. Possibly Mothershead crossed on one of them. Donald directed many cross-channel contingents to these vessels and also delivered the sailing orders to the various ships making the Channel runs.

"Our vessel carried many thousands across the Channel and I'm sure many veterans will re-

member the *Nopatin*. Many were the nights I gave up my berth so that some tired army man could have a good night's sleep.

"From the foregoing and other articles in Then and Now, it seems all that is necessary is to mention a subject and up jumps the answer."

We submitted the snapshot and Harrington's letter to Mothershead who reported in part: "I would hate to swear to an identity after twenty years' lapse of time, but the picture certainly looks like the boy who was the hero of my little story, and as far as memory goes, it could easily be the same one."

Perhaps some other veterans of the 311th Ammunition Train or other Legionnaires may be able to help us after seeing this picture in determining whether the lad shown is the Scout who directed the Mothershead company to its cross-channel boat.

PRACTICALLY all contributions to Then and Now bring to the contributor or to the Company Clerk anywhere from one to several dozens of letters of comment with supplementary pictures or stories. Regretfully, because of space



Above, all that remained of a new Dodge car after being caught in a cloudburst near Camp Cody in 1918. Below, banquet of men of Motor Truck Company 350, at which the two French officers who lost their lives in the accident, were guests. They are at the extreme right



restrictions, it is seldom that we can share these letters and pictures with our tens of thousands of fellow Legionnaires. Now, however, we are using some of the information and two snapshots that came to us as the result of Comrade J. McDowell Morgan's story and picture in the February issue of the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*, a German raider that became disabled at sea, put in at Hampton Roads, Virginia, was interned and later commissioned as U. S. Transport *Von Steuben*.

Comrade Morgan set the time of this occurrence as April, 1916, but we soon had a letter from Adjutant Ernest Pache of Andrew T. Hekedish Post of Stratford, Wisconsin, in which he suggested Morgan must have been mistaken as to the year and added: "Referring to my war-time diary, under date April 11, 1915, I find this entry: 'The German Auxiliary Cruiser *Kronprinz Wilhelm*, out of Bremen, stood in from sea about daybreak. She passed the fleet at anchor at Hampton Roads and proceeded to Norfolk Navy Yard . . .'" This date, a year earlier than that Morgan suggested, was confirmed by the Office of Naval Records and Library, Navy Department, Washington.

Letters came from veterans of the crew of the *Von Steuben*, from (Continued on page 58)



A PAIR of WINGS

By
MAY STRATE

Illustration
by WILL GRAVEN

THE city was gay with the spirit of convention. A merry army of blue-capped Legionnaires moved ceaselessly about Pershing Square singing their war songs, obstructing traffic, and looking for Elmer. But their gaiety was superficial, masking, one realized, a serious sense of responsibility.

"The boys grow older," Paul Priest remarked to his wife, and Sara replied, "The girls, too."

They paused before a great tent that announced its purpose on a huge banner: *The Salvation Army. Doughnuts for Doughboys*. Entering, they found a long line of men and women before a counter where coffee and doughnuts were being served. And a little to one side a Legionnaire was on his knees in the sawdust obviously searching for something, while a disabled comrade watched anxiously, his awkward stance proclaiming the fact that he stood on artificial legs.

"Lose something, buddy?" Paul asked, and the disabled man replied, "*I have lost a pair of wings.*"

That voice! Sara's hand flew to her throat and a little gasping sound came from her lips.

IT WAS 1917. America was at war. Sara Lane had graduated from high school in May, and was now visiting Aunt Mary in a distant city, that she might also visit her brother Steve who was in training there. And Steve had brought Ted to Aunt Mary's.

Sara was seventeen—small, dark, and eager for living. Ted was twenty, good-looking in his sergeant's uniform and very earnest about the ideals at stake in this war. Swept along by the incredible momentum of young idealism and first love Sara and Ted found themselves engaged. And when her brother was sent East to embark (Continued on page 41)



He stood awkwardly
as his buddy searched
in the sawdust

FRONT *and* CENTER

THE AMERICAN TRADITION

To the Editor: Cordell Hull presents in "In the American Tradition" the spirit of a nation. It is the intangible dream for which men have lived and died. It is the symbolism which makes the flag sacred in reverence for the past and hope for the future. Above all the mistakes, heart-aches, struggles and misunderstanding is the faith in the American tradition and the flag which symbolizes the vision to be achieved.

If we are to achieve that dream and feel deeply, think clearly and not be misled by emotional appeals, the American tradition should be understood in its practical application and the processes of factual determination clarified.

It is our one desire to help our Government solve the problems; to defend our country and to preserve the ideals which make our country.

We resent any accusations or insinuations directed against any American citizen, rich or poor, unless the person accused be given a fair opportunity to answer the charge and present the facts.

No economic security, nor social and cultural progress, nor principles of law and order, can be maintained without justice, determined by methods of presenting facts as distinguished from prejudiced opinions imposed by mass coercion, dictatorial assumptions or other arbitrary authoritarianism.

In foreign policy and domestic policy two things are essential. First, sufficient power to enforce authority. Second, intelligent authority. Authority without intelligence may create more problems than it can solve and nullify the best efforts to achievement. The greatest obstacle to the solution of our problems is authoritative jealousy.—WILLIAM F. FOWLER, *Lynbrook, New York*.

A DAUGHTER OF VALOR

To the Editor: "Daughters of Valor," by Robert Ginsburgh in your May issue, stated Nurse Parmelie was the first Army nurse casualty in France and was wounded at Camiers, September 4, 1917. I was a stretcher casualty in Miss Parmelie's ward, "C-5," from June 15 to July 15, 1917 when they shipped me to Blighty, United States Army Base Hospital No. 5 had just taken over the British Base Hospital No. 11. I believe No. 5 was from Massachusetts, there were some 30-odd bed patients in Miss Parmelie's care—English, Irish, Scotch, Australian, and Canadian—and the way this American nurse handled her ward was a pleasure to behold.

On her feet from dawn to dark with a cheery smile, and no thought of self, giving comfort and relieving pain, Eva

Jean Parmelie was the personification of the highest in American womanhood. I trust she has fared well with the years. She may remember the writer, her former patient, a Canadian sergeant hailing from Hackensack, New Jersey.—A. W. HART, *Capt. Harry B. Doremus Post, Hackensack, New Jersey*.

A WORD FOR NEVADA

To the Editor: Nevadans may not be numerically strong but they have enough state pride to resent Mr. Peter B. Kyne's elimination of one of the States of the Union. As a former Department Chaplain of the Department of Nevada I want to join the objectors.

In the April issue of the magazine, page 15, column 3, line 1, Peter mentions the "Utah-California line." Those new liners he writes about must be swift.—ALLAN GEDDES, *Watsonville, California*.

FOR NEW CERTIFICATES

To the Editor: Comrade J. L. Frazer struck something worth while when he suggested new discharge certificates. In our old age we will treasure our new discharge as much as we did the old ones on the day we were discharged from the Army, but we'll look on them in a different light. We no doubt will have them framed and place them where they can be looked upon with pride.—GEORGE T. WHITE, *Margaree Harbour, Inverness County, Nova Scotia*.

* * *

To the Editor: I am wholeheartedly in favor of our Government furnishing every man a certificate of service, just as Comrade John L. Frazer writes in the May Legion Magazine. But as everyone knows, that would cost plenty of money, and Uncle Sam is not to blame because I have lost my discharge, so why make him pay the bill? This is my notion, that every comrade who wants a subscription pay twenty-five cents for it. I am sure Uncle could print them for that price. There are plenty of the boys who would give more than that to get one, where they have lost them, like myself. But I do say here and now that the boys who are disabled and cannot afford to pay for them should be given them free of charge.—A. J. QUIGGLE, *Chico (California) Post*.

Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement. Names, addresses and post affiliation must be given, though the editors will withhold publication of these if the circumstances warrant.

BINGHAM WAS THE FIRST

To the Editor: Just for the sake of the record (not that either one cares) but Hiram Bingham rather than Ray Baldwin was the first Legionnaire Governor of Connecticut! Ray was the first World War veteran to be elected, inaugurated and *continue* as Governor, as the former Lieutenant Colonel Bingham resigned after *one day* to become United States Senator from Connecticut, having been the victor in a special election for the Senate, December 16, 1924, following his choice as Governor in the State election the preceding month. Bingham's choice as executive secretary, (retained by his successor, Governor Trumbull) was Past Department Commander Edward L. Kelley of Bridgeport. The above corrects a statement made on the last page of the April issue of the magazine.—JAMES R. CASE, *Danbury (Connecticut) Post*.

OATHS OF OFFICE

To the Editor: Since we are going to have a law passed to have children salute the flag in schools, we ought to have a law passed that all public officers (whether elected or appointed) take the oath of office in the presence of an American flag and at the end of the oath, salute the flag. Also, that any oath taken without the presence of the American flag be considered void.

In taking the oath of office, many do not understand it and often have to be told to remove their hats or stand on two feet. Instead of supporting the Constitution of the United States, they can hardly support themselves.—VINCENT P. KIELPINSKI, D. S. C., *George Washington Post, Milwaukee, Wisconsin*.

PIPERS AN' A' AN' A'

To the Editor: I noticed in your magazine reference to the picture "Gunga Din." Therein, the impression is left with the reader that the "Bagpipers" and drummers were members of the Hollywood Post of The American Legion. That impression is erroneous. The pipe band in "Gunga Din," as well as in "Wee Willie Winkie," "Mary of Scotland," and many others is "The British World War Veterans' Pipe Band." This organization was founded in 1923 by Pipe Major William Mathieson, late Pipe Major of the 107th Battalion (Glen Campbell's Scouts), Canadian Expeditionary Force. Pipe Major Mathieson was desperately wounded before Passchendaele and still carries a bullet in his liver. This band is for the most part composed of men who had been pipers and drummers in the British service during the war.—BOOTH MAC GAFFY, *Hollywood, California*.

Glad You're Coming Again

(Continued from page 27)

here is a real education for all conventionnaires.

The Museum of Science and Industry, where are preserved for all time the most discussed technical exhibits of the World Fairs of 1893 and 1933, graphically presented in the imposing halls of the famous Fine Arts Building of the Columbian Exposition. Typical of these exhibits is a real coal mine in actual operation into which you can descend to see the miners at work, and a diamond mine where you can behold the prized jewels being pried from their hiding places in the walls of the mine.

Field Museum of Natural History, which contains the finest collections of gems and jewels in the world, rare exhibits found in the tomb of King Tut, man through all of his ages from Pithecanthropus Erectus to the various races of today. These rare collections have made this eleven-acre museum world-renowned. A member of the Legion for many years and still active in the organization, Clifford C. Gregg, director of the Field Museum, has informed me it will be a special pleasure to welcome Legionnaires to his institution.

The Oriental Institute at the Univer-

sity of Chicago is a museum in which ancient civilizations are brought back to today by the explorations and work of archaeologists and historians.

There is something different about Chicago. Its friendliness smacks of real sincerity. That stiffness which so frequently mars a visit to a strange city is totally lacking. No matter where you hail from you will find your own kind of folks.

Thoroughly conscious that only the contented guest will return, Chicago is ready and eager to prove itself your ideal host city. Chicago welcomes you.

What We Live By

(Continued from page 22)

veterans' hospital. The memories and incidents of the Great War are often the topic of conversation among the boys of 1917-'18 who are unfortunate enough to have to be hospitalized. To those permanently disabled the war will never be over. Our war memories remind us that the first duty of the Legion is to be continuously alert in helping these unfortunate comrades secure the medical care and compensation to which they are entitled.

To inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the Community, State and Nation.

If we are to build a better nation we must do it by developing better individuals. This obligation to us of the Legion is an individual matter. We cannot afford to sit back and let George do it. The influence of one life well lived in service to humanity will do more to help others of the community live a better life and will do more to help bring the Kingdom of Heaven here upon earth than all the speeches, laws and regimentation of all time. If we are to bring about a harmonious balance in our community, state, and national life we must all develop a harmonious balance in our own lives.

The numerous educational, civic, so-

cial, and humanitarian phases of Legion activity offer opportunity to all for individual service. Let us all accept this challenge as an individual obligation and volunteer our services whenever needed.

To combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses.

America, composed as it is of all nationalities, races, creeds, as well as all economic classes, has long been called the great melting pot of civilization. In our efforts to help carry out this great experiment in human evolution we must assure all groups that we stand for reason and fairness in all human activities.

Individual initiative must not be stifled by any revolution of the human drones;

neither can we afford to allow powerful overbearing special privilege groups to autocratically exploit the inarticulate masses. Our nation is large enough and rich enough so that all can live happily and well. If we permit autocratic control of one part of our people by another group we thereby nullify all of our democratic principles of fairness, freedom, and justice.

Let us remember that we represent a great cross-section of our national life. Whenever we have the opportunity we must insist that differences between groups be settled peacefully, reasonably, and with fairness to the general public as well as both contesting parties.

We must do all we can to keep alive "The American Dream," the faith and confidence in the worthwhileness of the

common man; the hope of opportunity, and freedom for the complete, balanced growth and development of each individual according to his vision, abilities and efforts.

To make right the master of might.

This is a fine ideal toward which we should strive. The dictators of Europe deny that it will ever be a practical reality as long as human nature is what it is today. History records many examples in which might has conquered right. Right backed by might is the ideal



Past Department Commander Jim Ringley, National Commander Chadwick, Phil Collins, Executive Vice President of the Chicago Convention Corporation, and Edward Clamage, Illinois Department Commander, inspect one of the first arrivals of the eighty-five cars furnished by the Ford Motor Company for use at the National Convention in September

situation. Right and wrong are generally relative aspects of a question. Our interests or feelings sometimes blind us regarding the rights of others. Even in a supposedly neutral body like our National Supreme Court the controversy is more often decided by a five to four vote than it is by unanimous decision.

However, in view of all these considerations the sentiment expressed by this phrase is morally right.

In the words of our immortal Lincoln, "Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

To promote peace and good will on earth.

Certainly no one of our generation would ever want to see our nation go to war again. We should individually and as a group encourage every honest effort to promote international good will. Unfairness, greed, hate, and envy are makers of armed strife, so part of our job is to combat those influences in national and international relations. One of the greatest forces for international peace is tolerant international understanding.

The Legion's peace efforts also call for a strong national defense program in all

naval and military departments. We also sponsor laws empowering our national Government to mobilize all necessary phases of industry in case of war. This will take the profit out of war and thereby promote peace.

Time and energy intelligently spent promoting peace and good will on earth will never be wasted.

To safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of Justice, Freedom and Democracy.

We are living at a very significant time in America's history. It is a period of transition, a period of consolidation, a period of clarification concerning national and international problems.

We have received these blessings of liberty from the previous generations that have made our Nation what it is. It is now our opportunity and responsibility to so impress the meaning and value of these American principles upon the minds of our people that they will be not only safeguarded but transmitted to posterity clearer and stronger and more meaningful than we received them.

This is the heritage of our generation. The youth of today and the unborn

millions of Americans of the future depend upon us.

To consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.

Working devotedly together for a worthy cause naturally draws people closely together. We started this comradeship in 1917 and thanks to the organizers of our American Legion the good work is still going on. We are not merely carrying on in a routine manner but are serving in an ever widening and deepened sphere of influence.

Aid for sick and disabled veterans, help for widows and children of our buddies who have answered the last summons, child welfare in all its phases, employment for veterans, Sons of the Legion boys' state, junior baseball, Americanism program, program to further education, legislative program for betterment of community, state, and national laws, disaster relief—these are some of the many worthwhile activities the Legion is carrying on. The degree of your participation in these services is a good measure of your devotion to mutual helpfulness. Let's all volunteer our services with enthusiasm and serve intelligently.

Not Every Jap's a Spy

(Continued from page 11)

emperor. Japan has stuck to that militaristic policy ever since. Today its program of aggression follows, almost to the letter, the outline of action laid down by the Nipponese war-lords of three-score years ago.

In January of 1930, Japan tossed aside some of her traditional diplomacy and threatened the destruction of our Pacific fleet if the United States persisted in its plan to fortify the island of Guam. "An unfriendly gesture," the Japanese high authority declared. "One which does not show good faith and suggests that America plans the conquest of Asia." Ridiculous as this statement is, Japan's challenge still holds, and certain students of world affairs, including Hugh Johnson, declare that since Guam is called a "military salient"—or as General Johnson puts it, "a thumb to be bitten or a nose to be tweaked"—the United States had better not make too much of an issue of the matter.

It has been known since 1891 that Japan wishes her "sphere of influence" in the Pacific to include Hawaii. At that date, when she learned that Hawaii was about to request official annexation by the United States Japan's secret agents at Washington and Honolulu checked the situation. At Washington they found that the United States would almost certainly accede to the Hawaiians' request.

At Honolulu the under-cover agents of the Mikado were pretty much embarrassed when they found that the plan had advanced too far for Japanese intervention or bargaining. Obviously, the next best thing to do was to have "adequate representation" in Hawaii; so Japan, the following year, exported some eighteen hundred "farmers" who were to pick up all the valuable property they could near the principal harbors and other strategic points.

Japan was equally chagrined when America took over the Philippines from Spain. The Spanish government had always been a feeble one, and it seems not to have occurred to Japan that a major nation might get hold of the islands before she herself was ready to acquire them. Japan did not know, until a few years later, that Germany had been eyeing the Philippines for a decade or more and, if the United States had stayed out of the picture, was planning to annex them for the Fatherland. Japan said nothing and sawed wood. It shipped a large delegation of "workers" in 1899 to Manila and has kept adding a few thousand annually ever since. "Sometimes emergencies arise," explains Nippon cryptically. "A nation should always be well represented abroad."

She overdid it a trifle, though, in the early 1900's when she sent thousands of

Japanese immigrants flooding into the United States by way of the West Coast. California felt the pressure first. The Japanese, buying up large tracts of land, had begun to farm it with coolie labor. This had introduced such low standards of living that California white-workers were being forced to accept starvation wages to compete. As the pinch of this competition spread to American shopkeepers and businessmen, a slogan, once applied to the Chinese, was adapted to the new threat: "The Japanese must go." In October 1905, the San Francisco school board passed a rule that Japanese and other Mongolians must be segregated from white youngsters. Since this automatically nullified our treaty with Japan which guaranteed her citizens equal rights with our own, a terrific to-do resulted. The "Yellow Peril" boys whooped it up in the press and many a Californian got so that he peeped under his bed before retiring to see if a Japanese spy were crouching there. Millions of our citizens expected war momentarily.

Just then, however, Japan was in no position to threaten war, and Theodore Roosevelt—his Big Stick not having matured—merely spoke softly. He persuaded the California legislature not to pass certain proposed anti-Japanese laws, and he wheedled the San Francisco school board into *(Continued on page 40)*

Not Every Jap's a Spy

(Continued from page 39)

withdrawing its segregation order. After much talk, he arranged a gentleman's agreement with the Mikado, who promised thereafter not to grant passports to laborers. Students would be welcomed. So Japan began sending "students" and other well-sponsored representatives at a rate which made some persons wonder whether all Nipponese were not university graduates. Today Japan is not contented with her immigration quota. She is smuggling five to ten thousand "settlers" annually from Mexico into our southwestern States. The fact is checked this way. Nearly one hundred thousand Japanese have entered Mexico during the past six years. They have not returned to Japan, yet thousands are no longer to be found in Mexico. They have not gone to South America—(there are already more than a quarter of a million of them in Brazil alone)—most of them are here in the United States.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT sent the Atlantic Fleet of sixteen battleships and a flotilla of destroyers around the world in 1907, the object being to impress on Japan that we could and would fight if our vital interests were attacked. Japan avowed that her feelings were hurt, but had to accept the situation, putting on the best possible face about it.

When the American fleet arrived at Yokohama, the Nipponese came graciously out to greet Rear Admiral Sperry and his staff. Each ship was given an escort of honor into the harbor and profusely-friendly Japanese officers were piped aboard our vessels and permitted complete freedom to inspect everybody and everything. Note-books in hand, these military observers found out much more about us than we learned from the banquets and excursions in Yokohama.

As our fleet started back on its homeward voyage, two Japanese stowaways were discovered hiding on Sperry's flagship. They identified themselves as Fumi Arita and Taiyo Miacho, naval cadets. They had come to love the United States so much, they said, that they just had to return with the fleet. The two were put ashore affably as our ships passed through the Suez Canal. The next morning it was discovered that the Admiral's desk had been rifled and a number of important military papers were missing. Japan was desperately regretful. The two men were impostors. There were no Japanese naval cadets by the names of Arita and Miacho. Probably they were really Chinese. And, after all, you know you can't trust a Chinese, said Nippon, solemnly. "Yes," said our officials, "we'll keep our eyes open from now on, thanks."

The Japanese who come here may not

be spies, but it is a very curious fact that all Japanese leaving Nippon must first report to the Foreign Department, where they are instructed to get information about the people they meet abroad and to whom to direct this information.

The Japanese propaganda unit is an integral part of its Intelligence Service and some of Nippon's most famous statesmen have, in their younger days, worked both as propagandists and spies. Hirota, the former Japanese premier, admits that he entered the espionage service in 1904 first as a propagandist, later as a spy. Hirota's "eyes" have missed very little during the last decade or so. They followed our fleet in 1925 when it went to Hawaii for its war games. Several Japanese naval tankers manned by officers and reservists of the Japanese Navy "hovered on the flank of the Blue fleet all the way across the Pacific from San Francisco . . . and Japanese observers in civilian clothes have been in Oahu gathering all data possible relative to the campaign just concluded between the Blues and Blacks," *The New York Times* announced. Two Japanese vessels carrying suspected spies were seized in 1927 on the north coast of Luzon, mapping, making soundings, and taking pictures. The Japanese Foreign Office disclaimed all knowledge of these ships and men and suggested they were Chinese. One of these suspects, a woman, escaped.

Someone looking very like her, Chiyo Morasawa, long known to be a Japanese secret agent, turned up in Panama in 1920. She is still there and pretends to be running a shirt shop. Her husband, a Japanese naval reservist, helps her with her business—apparently by strolling around with a camera. He makes trips back and forth to Japan, probably to buy more shirts, although no one seems to be interested in the dusty stock displayed in the Morasawa shop. Also in Panama is Katarino Kubayama, a high-ranking officer in the Japanese Navy. He pretends to be a fisherman and explains his prompt visit to all Japanese ships, along with the Japanese consul, as his attempt to sell the captains supplies.

THERE are dozens of other Nipponese spies honeycombing the Panama Canal zone where they masquerade as merchants, barbers, errand boys, farmers, and small tradesmen. They meet regularly, exchange information and orders, and are the principal reason that the United States early in January decided to send additional troops to the number of some sixty-five thousand to police the Canal more efficiently and rout out these "travelers." High Army and Navy officials naturally realize that Panama is a vital communication link in our whole coastal

defense scheme. From Panama up through Central America to Mexico and on into the United States sift the operatives of Japan. No screen seems fine enough to hold them; no threat strong enough to keep them back.

IF OUR naval activities are watched by Japanese agents, so are those of our Army, of our munitions plants, of our public utilities, of our factories, and farms. Whenever we catch a spy, we learn virtually nothing. Japan disclaims all knowledge of him, or denies the charge, laughs at our naiveté, and straightway puts another "observer" in his place. When former Lt. Commander Farnsworth, cashiered from the Navy after a 1927 court martial, was arrested in July 1936 for selling an extremely confidential naval manual to an agent of the Japanese Imperial Navy, Japan looked thoughtfully the other way.

The culprit implicated two Japanese Naval officers, Yosiyuki Itimiya and Akiri Yamaki, one time attaches of the embassy in Washington. Japan would not permit Itimiya and Yamaki to testify, and the Japanese Navy Minister, Osami Nagano, said suavely, "In America, as in other countries, there are a few worthless individuals who always try to obtain money from foreigners for supposedly valuable secret information. But we can't believe that any Japanese officer attempted to use such persons."

Shortly before that, Harry T. Thompson, a former yeoman, had been convicted of selling naval secrets to Japan and made news as the first person to be penalized under the limited spy law enacted during the World War. This combined with the Farnsworth case suggested that Japan be a bit more cautious. The result was that the entire personnel of Japanese agents in the San Diego area underwent a tremendous shakeup, and twelve were immediately transferred—five to Mexico and Panama, four to the Middle West, one to the Alaska unit, and two to New York. Then Japan got ready a fresh group of answers for her next important jam.

This occurred in 1938 on the first of December when Karl Allen Drummond, aged 21, an aircraft worker, was apprehended while trying to sell American military secrets to Japan, for \$2000. The Federal indictment alleged that Drummond had stolen 150 photographs and fifteen blueprints of a new naval plane from the Northrup plant in Los Angeles and had attempted to sell them to various Japanese officials. The captain of a Japanese freighter where Drummond had gone to dispose of his wares told him to "come back later when a Japanese officer would be there and would be interested." Some-

how, things went wrong. Drummond missed his appointment and fell into the hands of our naval authorities. Japan scoffed at the whole affair. "The story is obviously intended to embarrass our nation. We do not buy military secrets. Americans are astonishingly nervous these days."

However loudly Japan denounces these incidents, her "representatives" are at work in and about America. They listen and look and ask. They buy what they can't get otherwise. The network is tight and slick. It has camera men, reporters, and observers from coast to coast. The totals of Nippon's important official workers in each of our cities are amazing. At the end of last year, for example, our authorities had discovered that there were nearly one hundred Japanese "leg men" in New England reporting to the Boston office. More than five hundred were in the New York area; two hundred in Washington; something above two hundred in Chicago; twenty-five in Cleveland; thirty-eight in Detroit; eighty-odd in Florida, and so on out to the West Coast where around three thousand Japanese are "on duty" from San Diego to Port Washington.

We know too that Panama is full; that Nicaragua, since rumors of a new canal through that territory, has been visited by hundreds of Nipponese, many of whom have settled there now and are talking about opening canning factories and so on; we realize that Mexico has flung wide its doors to thousands of Japanese some of whom, late last year, began to take charge of the United States' oil concessions Cardenas had expropriated a few months before. Yes, our Intelligence Service has found out these

things—but only comparatively recently.

We trusting Americans with our understaffed, red-taped, and necessarily inefficient operatives, are trying, with a piddling budget of little more than a half of a million dollars, to counter the activities of a nation spending fifty times as much to insure our failure. It's a cheery prospect we face, watching the walls crumble as we sit thoughtfully with our finger stuck in one of the smallest holes in the dike. The newspaper reports during the past five years alone should give us the willies and make us rush to our Congressmen for a little action. Here are a few separate items picked at random:

Five Japanese, including a professor, two employees of the Imperial Government and two silk merchants were held for half an hour by the Jersey City police today (September 2, 1935) for taking photographs while crossing from New York to New Jersey via the Holland Tunnel. They were released.

* * *

The *American* today (October 3, 1937) named two Japanese, Tutani Takadi and Tsumi Handa, as having photographed the Pacific locks at Madden Dam and Gold Hill in the Panama Canal. The pictures would be of the greatest value to an enemy of the United States.

* * *

President Roosevelt noted (October 8, 1938) that there has been a considerable increase in foreign spy activities throughout the country in recent years and said that it unquestionably presented a serious problem to the nation.

* * *

Mr. Hillshire tells us (says Senator Bone in Washington, 1938) of so-called Japanese 'fishermen' in uniform and fully armed—landing on Babuyan Island in

the northern Philippines and resisting arrest by local law officers who objected to this armed landing.

HUNDREDS of significant items like these, representing, as does the exposed part of an iceberg, but a fraction of the true, hidden bulk, pass monthly over the desks of our frantic intelligence services—the Navy's ONI and the Army's G2. They know all too well that there are enough Japanese "farmers" stationed in Colombia and in Panama to equal the normal garrison of the Canal Zone. They know that there are enough Japanese "fishermen" living on the shores of Alaska and the nearby islands to seize our holdings there before we could muster proper defense. They realize that the West Coast needs more protection; that Florida is easy flying or sailing distance from Mexico, that the Gulf of Mexico is, at this moment, aswarm with boats disguised as fishing smacks and manned by Japanese reservists. They do not kid themselves about the comparative ease with which a foreign foe, which has charted the land for years, could, through a few clever saboteurs, put out of commission most of our public utilities in the principal cities of the United States.

And knowing these possibilities, our intelligence service is forced to try laddling out the ocean with a spoon while an unaroused public and a politically-preoccupied Government argues about domestic affairs. Yes, nazism, fascism, and communism all give us headaches along with our political controversies. But if we do not soon swing into vigorous action and smash foreign espionage—especially that from the Far East—we may find ourselves suddenly without any heads to ache.

A Pair of Wings

(Continued from page 36)

for France Sara stayed on at Aunt Mary's to be near Ted.

Ted told her how he had begged his father, who was a United States Senator, not to use his influence to get him a commission. He wanted to earn his promotions. He told her of his lovely socialite mother to whom family tradition and position were so very important.

And Sara told of her home on the farm in Iowa with her father, mother, and brother, all of whom thought her wonderful. She said she hoped she could continue to deceive them.

They were married secretly. Sara, who in all the span of her memory had not told a falsehood, gave her age as eighteen. Ted said he was twenty-one. What was one small lie in a lifetime of living?

As they left the courthouse after the ceremony they were met by a messenger with orders for Ted to report to his commanding officer. Sara went cold with fear.

They had been found out. Two words stood out threateningly in her consciousness: *Court-martial; demotion*. Ted laughed at her fears. "Go back to Aunt Mary's," he said, "and wait for me."

In the morning it was not Ted who rang the bell, but an older man in the uniform of a colonel. He introduced himself and proceeded to dispose speedily of an unpleasant task.

"Miss Lane," he began, "Ted's father is my friend. I am here at his request."

He questioned Sara while she writhed in embarrassment. At last he leaned back, locked his fingers over his belt buckle. "Miss Lane," he said, "you have no legal claim on Ted. The ceremony was illegal. You falsified your ages. The marriage has not been consummated. Annulment," he continued grimly, "is only a matter of form. Ted's father has already started proceedings."

"I must talk to Ted," Sara whispered.

"Impossible," the colonel stated firmly. "Ted has been transferred to the Aviation Corps and sent to an eastern camp."

Sara stared in disbelief. "He wouldn't leave without calling me."

The Colonel looked down at his shoes while a slow flush crept over his face. "In justice to you both," he said reluctantly, "you should know that Ted didn't realize what was happening. We gave him no chance to get in touch with you."

So the marriage was annulled and Sara went home, taking with her the secret of her romance. Long letters passed between the young lovers. When they were older, they promised each other, they would be married again. Nothing could stop them.

She wrote regularly to Ted and to her brother. She wrote, too, to the three Priest boys, Sol and Tom and Paul, with whom she had played all through her childhood. They lived in the great house across the (Continued on page 42)

A Pair of Wings

(Continued from page 41)

road from Sara's little home, and their father, old Solomon Priest, was called King Sol because he owned so much of Iowa's fertile land.

Sara was grateful for hard work that helped her forget even briefly her concern for the boys over there. Ted was overseas now, and his letters came infrequently.

The first Argonne offensive brought home to that little Iowa community the full tragedy of the World War. Among those killed in action were two Priest boys, Sol and Tom. Killed! The horror of it filled Sara with silent terror.

And then one day Ted's name appeared! *Missing in action*. Utter despair swept over Sara. She sent frantic telegrams to Ted's mother begging for news.

What sort of person was that proud eastern lady that she could ignore the appeal of the girl who loved her son?

At last, in a revised list of casualties Sara found his name again as one "severely wounded." He wasn't dead. There was still hope.

Sara's first definite news came from Ted himself, in a letter written from a French hospital. He "got blistered up a little," he wrote, and gave no details but spoke of going back to the front.

Sara received several letters from that hospital in France. They were gay letters, though at times Ted's humor seemed a trifle grim. And he no longer mentioned their plans for the future.

And then for six weeks Sara received

no news of Ted. She watched the mail with growing concern.

Finally one morning she went to the mail box to find his letter there. It bore a United States postmark. Sara's hands shook so that the words danced before her eyes. As she read, all of youth and hope drained out of her heart.

"I have been home a month," he wrote. A month, while she had lived in a hell of worry for him. "I have been trying to decide what is the best thing to do. For our parents were right, Sara. We were too young to marry, too young even to know the full meaning of love."

And then, as though he knew what could hurt her most, "I know, now, that family tradition (Continued on page 57)

You Won't Find It in the Books

(Continued from page 19)

Chicago, that rocked the fistic world with argument for weeks. And out of it was born the thoroughly logical ruling that a man isn't knocked out unless he is counted out within the full elapsed time of a bout.

The National Sporting Club, formerly the old horse market on East 24th Street and Third Avenue, was packed for the Ketchel-O'Brien scheduled ten-rounder. It was to be a no-decision affair, boxing in those days being without the pale, but the newspapermen would, according to custom, render a decision which would be accepted in the fight fraternity and for the boxing records.

Ketchel was in the sorriest shape at the end of the sixth round. His eyes and nose were cut and the white trunks he started out with were long since mostly crimson, attesting to O'Brien's punishing marksmanship.

Ketchel did come on a little in the seventh and he took the eighth and ninth rounds by decisive margins. But it was the universal opinion that he would have to send over a murderous kayo punch to win. During the rest period after the ninth round some admirer near the ring implored him to uncork the payoff punch, to which Ketchel's manager replied that there were still three full minutes of the fighting remaining.

O'Brien was particularly wary of his opponent's heavy punch and gave ground. Ketchel was winning this round too. Then with his famous version of Bob Fitzsimmons's shift he caught O'Brien flush on the chin, dropping him like a poled ox. The referee began the count over him, but it was easy to see that O'Brien would be out for a matter of

minutes. However, the official had counted up to eight when the bell rang ending the bout. The old horse market was in an uproar. Was it a knockout? If you said yes or if you said no you were sure of an argument.

Next day the New York boxing writers, then the arbiters of such matters, ruled that Ketchel had won the bout on points. They universally agreed that it couldn't be given to Ketchel by a knockout since the count of ten had not been tolled over O'Brien. Neither could they award the contest to a boxer who was on his back dead to the world at the end of the fight. And so another knockout is off the record of Stanley Ketchel, the letter W (for Won) standing beside his fight with Jack O'Brien as it is recorded in the boxing record books.

Mickey Walker and Harry Greb, two of the ring's famous bulldog type of boxers, fought each other two separate battles one night back in 1925. Only one of these fights is in the record books, where it is entered as a win by decision for Greb, following a bitter fifteen-round duel at the Polo Grounds.

After the battle Greb and Walker went to the same down-town restaurant—quite by accident. Each was sporting a deep ebony optic as they sat at separate tables with women friends. Finally, the bitter foemen of a few hours before spotted each other. In all friendliness they got together, merging their respective parties into one, and had a merry celebration.

Soon they adjourned to a livelier spot and from there they headed for another. On the street the first mention of the fight was made when Walker said:

"Harry, you know if you hadn't stuck your finger in my eye I'd have knocked your head off and won that fight for myself."

"Why, you sawed-off runt, I never stuck my finger in anyone's eye and I ought to poke you again for saying that," said Greb. In a twinkling they were at each other and all over the street. The gendarmerie came in due course, but had plenty of trouble in quelling this blazing off-the-record battle.

Harry "Moose" McCormick, a member of the New York Giants outfield for many years, and one of its most dependable pinch-hitters, failed to get credit for a perfectly good hit one day through no fault of his own. Moose, a Legionnaire who served as an officer in France with the Rainbow Division, recounted the incident not long ago.

The Phillies were playing the Giants back in 1912 at the Polo Grounds in New York. Grover Cleveland Alexander was on the mound for the Phils and the game had gone into the eighth with the count tied at 3 to 3. In the Giants' half with one out and three on McCormick was stuck in as a pinch hitter.

According to Moose, he strode to the plate while Bill Klem, the umpire, was gazing around at the stands. When the umpire turned to the game again McCormick sent the first pitch into left center for a perfect hit. He ran to the clubhouse after touching first base, with what was ostensibly the winning run having by this time scored. Moose was partially disrobed when some of his mates came into the dressing room and told him that he had to go up to the plate again and bat over, as Klem

claimed he wasn't aware a pinch hitter had been put in, and he hadn't made announcement of that fact to the spectators.

McCormick came out again, was duly announced by Klem, and then hit a ball harder than the first one—right into the hands of First Baseman Fred Luderus, who simply stepped on the bag for a double play. So, instead of being written down as a victory for the Giants with a hit credited to McCormick, that game was credited to the Phils, who went along to win out 4 to 3 in the tenth inning.

Joey Medwick, of the St. Louis Cardinals, was tied with Mel Ott, of the New York Giants, for most home runs in the National League at the end of the 1937 season, but that is only because one perfectly legitimate homer that Medwick batted out that season isn't in the record book.

On June 6th, the Cards and Phils tangled in Philadelphia in a double header. The Cards took the opener, 7 to 2. In the first inning of the second game, Medwick hit a homer and by the third inning it was apparent that the local team was about to lose the second game by a substantial margin. It was Sunday and under the law in effect in Philadelphia the game would count if the home team completed its fifth inning turn by 6 P. M.—otherwise, declared no contest.

To Umpire Ziggy Sears it looked as if the Philadelphia players were deliberately killing time so that the game wouldn't reach legal length by 6 o'clock. The head umpire thereupon forfeited the game to the Cardinals. The game went into the books as a win for the St. Louis team, but all the individual batting and fielding records were wiped out, including Ducky Medwick's first-inning homer which would have given him the league honors in that division that season over Melvin Ott.

Because of the fact that only on this continent is indoor track taken seriously, Glenn Cunningham's great feat in running the mile in 4:04.4 on the Dartmouth College board track at Hanover, New Hampshire on March 3, 1938 does not exist, so far as the International Amateur Athletic Federation is concerned. The International also bans the 4:06.4 mile of the Englishman Stanley Wooderssen for the very same reason. Ordinarily, indoor records are slower than those made outdoors, because the board tracks, while springy, do not have long straightaways. So Cunningham's remarkable run, two and three-tenths seconds faster than his own 4:06.7 recognized world record, has no official recognition outside the United States.

The fastest 1,000-yard race ever run, indoors or outdoors, was turned in on the

wooden saucer of Madison Square Garden last March by John Borican, powerfully-built Negro, in his great duel with Glenn Cunningham, yet the chances are that it won't be recognized, even in this



"Why should I wash? Your check was bigger than mine!"

country, when the 1939 championship performances are embalmed in the books.

For some time following this 2:08.8 performance one of the biggest controversies in the annals of track raged over the manner in which Borican's feat became challenged. Those who saw the race noticed that Borican shot to the fore at the start and soon had a commanding lead. Before the first lap had been completed by the field Johnny McHugh, nationally famous as a starter of races from dashes up to distance events, approached the clerk of the course and said: "I let him get away from me this time."

Questioned as to why he didn't recall them McHugh is reported to have answered: "Truthfully, I don't know."

McHugh, who has been getting runners away for more than 35 years, was quick to take the blame for an honest mistake, going on record, long before the finish and record time had been announced, as having allowed one of the runners to beat the gun.

It was a thrilling race from start to finish, won in a fashion that had the spectators on their feet as a man shouting and cheering for minutes after the finish. Drama crowded the event, for Cunningham tried twice to pass the fleet figure in front of him, only to be thwarted each time. Once when he tried to get outside Borican the Negro ran him wide and again when he tried to take the rail Borican swerved right back and again Glenn found himself stymied.

All of which added to the dispute that prevailed for days after the race, some of Cunningham's supporters claiming that

he was fouled in not being allowed to try to gain the lead. Track rules state that no man may wilfully impede the progress of a runner and on that Cunningham's friends base their arguments.

Cunningham's own time for the race was 2:00.2, which in itself is under the existing standards. So Glenn is himself on a spot.

Yet the biggest frustration is Borican's. He may always feel that that world-record race was in him that night and that he could have run it subsequently if the starter had called them back after the false start. McHugh's record on the affidavit submitted to the National Record Committee stated that "the race was not truly run. Borican beat the gun." Which means beyond doubt that the fastest 1,000 yards ever run by a human is off the record.

If you've gone to major league hockey games for the last two seasons you probably noticed that a green light flashed behind each goal post simultaneously with the gong or horn ending each period. This green light is synchronized to the timing devices so that it flashes at the 6th second of the 20th minute of each period and the tenth minute of the overtime.

It is the brain child of a Toronto engineer who, as a fan, became bored with seeing endless arguments arise over plays occurring on the border line of a period or a game. It was universally adopted by major league clubs and it has done more to eliminate quarrels than anything the governors did since they decided to fine the players \$25 for talking back to a referee.

There have been countless instances in hockey of a puck being in the air, driven goalward, only to have the bell terminating a period or the game ring to end play. In our own game of football any play that is started before the expiration of time must be completed. Many times the pistol has barked with the ball in mid-air on a punt, dropkick, place kick or pass, and the completion of the play has seen a team emerge from defeat to victory. If a touchdown is scored under these circumstances time is resumed automatically to give the team scoring the touchdown a chance to convert for an additional point. It is such sudden-death scoring that makes American football such a fascinating sport.

But in hockey everything terminates with the flash of that green light. With the puck moving at bullet speed such leeway as is allowed in football would produce endless complications. Up to two years ago it was possible for a player to commit a breach of the rules after a period ended and be entirely immune to discipline by the referee. That's how sharply the rules differentiated between playing time and (Continued on page 44)

You Won't Find It in the Books

(Continued from page 43)

time out. This matter of time was once considered so important that the official time-keeper was compelled under the rules to stand and toll aloud the last 20 seconds of the game. It was only after a group of players engaged in a free-for-all in Detroit two years ago between the periods of a game and escaped without penalty that the rules were amended to make any infraction between periods equally serious with one committed during playing time.

But the most serious controversies about time expirations in hockey centered around last-second goals, for the rules of the game state that the puck must be in the net before playing time ends. Many a shot got off in the last fraction of a second of play was a subject of heated debate. Traveling sometimes at amazing speed these goal-bound pucks could hardly be followed by the human eye. It was natural, therefore, that debate and argument followed as to whether the rubber had crossed the goal line before the first note of the bell or horn. The au-

tomatic green light has happily ended all that.

Back almost ten years ago Bill Cook, captain and right wing of the New York Rangers, figured in one of these disputes in a game played at Atlantic City. The Rangers' opponents were the Ottawa Senators, who had transferred a few of their games to the resort city that winter. Cook, an artilleryman with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces in Archangel during the World War, took up hockey after his return to Canada and became one of the outstanding right wingers of all time—many say the best of them all.

He had a terrific shot which was the bane of all goaltenders, for it was equally deadly whatever the angle. With a matter of seconds remaining in this game with Ottawa Cook got the rubber near the sideboards and whistled it goalward. It's doubtful that anybody in the arena saw that puck in flight except Cook, who could follow its trajectory from his stick. Certainly the goalie didn't see it coming, for it got by him and rippled the cords.

But the omnipresent referee ruled it no goal, claiming that the puck was in the air en route to the net when the first note of the timekeeper's gong ended the game.

The New Yorkers didn't need that goal to win, because Ottawa was soundly beaten anyway, but Bill Cook, who won the league's scoring honors that season with 28 goals and 22 assists for 50 points was denied that goal. It is off the record and his lifetime record, which is one of the finest in all hockey's history, is minus it, too. Insignificant at the time, it may attain considerable importance one of these days when a player begins to threaten the marvelous record of Cook.

Meanwhile, however, other athletic marks and accomplishments will fail to get into the record books. They always have and it's safe to say they always will. Boxing, baseball, track, hockey, all these sports have them—achievements that are as full of drama and import as many of those that are definite landmarks in the history of sport.

Ah, Those Amerikanskies

(Continued from page 23)

better than a circus come to town. And discarded packing cases and bright tin pails emptied by the commissary were coveted highly and fought for. Black bread being the children's main diet, there was naturally an awful commotion when occasionally they discovered a tin of jam not entirely empty. And a cup of coffee or a piece of pie from his majesty, the mess sergeant, was a gift from the gods!

Kids are kids the world over. They have similar games; the same imagination, the same enthusiasms. And the American out there had many novel means of entertaining his youthful guests. Baseball, although new to the Siberian boys, was adopted on sight. Having always played with a rubber ball, at the outset the boys stung their hands with our baseball but in a few days they could handle a hot one like a veteran. A husky young pair mixing it up with the boxing gloves was a show in itself. They had little conception of the manly art and lam-basted and grappled like a couple of cub bears.

Our phonograph was also an innovation that never palled. When it was in action the youngsters jammed outside our door, their mouths wide open and literally drinking in every note. At our open-air movies, staged by the Y. M. C. A., the kids arrived early in droves and velle-

just as gleefully over the antics of Charlie Chaplin as young America ever did.

The pictures were thrown on a huge sheet some distance from the 'Y' railway car which ran up and down our sector. And inasmuch as the projection showed through the sheet, and the Russians couldn't read English titles anyway, they gathered in a wide circle completely around the screen, those in the back enjoying the feature just as well in reverse. Cookies distributed gratis by the Americans during such entertainments didn't exactly decrease appreciation of the youthful guests.

Probably the children's greatest surprise and treat in Mysovaya, a small inland village on Lake Baikal up in Central Siberia where our infantry company during the summer comprised American troops 'farthest west,' was our fine regimental band which in turn favored each scattered detachment. It was the first time many of the youngsters had ever heard a band and naturally it captivated them. The Fied Piper of Hamelin had nothing on us! At concerts most of them sat immovable and enthralled, but a few stole about among the musicians, timidly touching the big horn or the bass drum to see, perhaps, if it were real!

The Siberian *mahlcheck* like his father effected the military, and almost invariably three parts of his dress were soldier

cap, belt with brass plate, and high boots—usually several sizes too big and out at the toes. Girls, while not so uniform in costume, sported head scarfs, the richness of which varied in direct proportion to their parents' prosperity. Woolen sweaters and helmets donated by the Red Cross to the especially needy often replaced the scarf. It is a story in itself how popular the Americans became through Red Cross ministrations; caring for the poor and treating the sick children free of charge. The return from Siberia to their parents in Russia proper of 780 refugee children on a specially chartered steamer in charge of Colonel Riley H. Allen of the Red Cross, in normal times editor of the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*—a trip two-thirds of the way 'round the world across the Pacific and the Atlantic—is an unwritten epic of Uncle Sam's humanitarianism that attains Homeric proportions.

When traveling on troop or Red Cross trains along the trans-Siberian we were invariably greeted at each station by children who had quickly learned of the Americans' generosity. I remember particularly two pretty little girls who, though shy, had a taste for American chocolates which overcame their timidity. A beautiful blonde maiden appeared so often at one station that a Red Cross captain who had traveled the route

several times asked the parents if he could adopt her. But from the manner in which mother, or *mamitchka* as we called her, clutched her precious infant it was evident that mother love and pride are common the world over. And speaking of pride, at a concert in camp one night, when we were tossing coins to a crowd of excited urchins, one woman stamped her foot angrily and cried sharply in Russian, "Haven't you any pride? Get up out of the dirt and stop groveling in front of the Amerikanskies!"

Certain organizations in the expedition annexed Russian boys as mascots, and in some cases brought them back to America. Only this year the United States immigration authorities were trying to trace a Russian youth who was thought to have entered America with our Army. Orphans with no semblance of a home or from destitute families were favored, and they rapidly became as loyal to the Stars and Stripes and as amenable to army discipline as the most ambitious lance corporal. At Christmas the Americans arranged special programs for these mascots and friends, showering them with presents and sweets.

One of our best young friends in the village was the barefooted, fur-turbaned messenger who brought our messages telegraphed from regimental headquarters down the line at Verkhne-Udinsk. He was a handsome, especially likeable erect little fellow, prompt, courteous, and openly an admirer of Americans. He had no objection to posing for his picture, an agreeable trait with most of them, and when we could obtain prints we gave snaps to the subjects, who treasured them highly, never having had their pictures "took" before.

During the summer months, flowers and berries covered the Siberian hills, and the children swamped our men with blueberries, strawberries, raspberries and gooseberries. One afternoon a tiny miss came to the camp entrance to present the sergeant of the guard with a fragrant nosegay of wild flowers which she herself had picked for that purpose in the forest. It was a tender moment for a hard-boiled non-com.

Until the Americans arrived the Russians were not generally addicted to the chewing gum habit, but soon thereafter it rapidly assumed the proportions of a national pastime. At a few inland towns, when we first offered the children chewing gum, its pleasures had to be demonstrated before they could be inveigled. Then they usually chewed only a moment before swallowing the whole wad with a determined gulp. It was too good to be careless with and apparently safer down than up! But after the initial experiment the children continually demanded it from the soldiers until finally their automatic greeting to an American uniform from buck private to full colonel—they knew no distinction for we were all at least generals to them—was "*Seer dahite*" (Give me gum.) (Continued on page 46)



"Some Things, Son, Just Can't be Beat!"

You young fellers are proud as Columbus, when you discover Union Leader Tobacco! You praise its fragrance. Its freedom from bite. The mellowness of its hill-grown Kentucky Burley. The economy of its big 10 cent tin . . . either in a pipe or "roll your owns." All true! But it isn't news to an

old-timer who's enjoyed Union Leader for more than 30 years. What you've really discovered is this: There are some things—like deep-dish apple pie, steak broiled over charecoal, and a pipe-ful of Union Leader—that have never been topped! And I'm hopin' they never will be!

UNION LEADER 10¢



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**FOR PIPE
AND
CIGARETTE**

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

Ah, Those Amerikanskies

(Continued from page 45)

However, they quickly mastered American phraseology, and their "*Spashebo*" shortly turned to "Thank you," which they seldom forgot.

When the soldier went fishing or hunting in Siberia he was often guided by his small friend. And if we officers stepped out for a little pistol practice the kids were on hand to jump at every crack of the .45, just as we did when boys, and to fight for the empty shells. Even if uninited the children were on hand at every festivity. At a party we gave for the older people of the village, boys and girls gathered during the night and peered so longingly through the windows that at opportune moments we handed out plates of sandwiches and cake, much to

their surprised delight. The finest characteristic of Russian children was their frank appreciation and whole-hearted response. The only way we could offend a boy was to call him *dayvachka* (little girl), an insult to the boyhood of any nationality. At this he would flare up instantly, shouting "*Nyet, nyet!*" (No, no!) at the top of his lungs.

On our last trip down the trans-Siberian we met a Russian hunter who had captured a beautiful faun, which he was carrying home to his family. Seeing how much we admired the baby deer he immediately offered it to us, but we declined with regrets. The faun would have been an appropriate souvenir to take home with our samovars and furs but

what a shame to deprive the children of such a pet!

I have no doubt that the bread of human kindness which the Yankee, not only of the Army and Navy but of the Red Cross, the "Y," the railways corps and the diplomatic service, cast upon the waters during those troubled times will return many fold. And I am equally certain that adventurous young Americans who may now be journeying across the Pacific to try their luck in that last great undeveloped land will in turn receive a warm welcome from mature men and women of Siberia who as children were treated with such whole-hearted consideration by their fascinating guests, those amazing Amerikanskies.

Back to the Front

(Continued from page 7)

In the late afternoon they swung into Gesnes and Joe thrilled at the first glimpse of his old divisional insignia. He saw a few faces he knew, men he had met somewhere in France or in the States during the last year. There was the divisional headquarters now, with a sentry standing at attention in the doorway. The driver pulled the truck to a swerving stop. Joe shook his hand in thanks, swung down. He came face to face with a captain he felt he should know. They stood awkwardly together a moment.

"Those men. They won't learn," the captain muttered, pointing at a group.

"Learn what?" asked Joe. The captain stared at him.

"Weren't you here? See that hole? Day before yesterday a shell that must have come from naval artillery struck in the middle of a mess-line. Thirty men were killed or wounded."

Joe went inside and reported to the adjutant, a calm and smiling major, who shook hands cordially. He examined Joe's papers.

"Your battalion P. C. is at Romagne, lieutenant. I'll send a runner with you. We go over the top tomorrow morning."

Back just in time for an offensive! Joe's heart did a cat-hop and his hands trembled a little with excitement. He went with the runner. Dusk was thickening as they trudged northeast out of Gesnes. At the side of the road a blazing truck sent forth a fitful light. Farther along, artillerymen were wrestling profanely with recalcitrant mules. They skirted a patch of woods and it became very dark. They stumbled a good deal over holes in the road. Suddenly the

shattered houses of Romagne were all about them.

The runner pulled up abruptly at a cavern entrance that showed just a little blacker than the surroundings.

"This is it," he whispered. "Down these stairs. Careful. I'll go on back."

Joe felt his way down, step by step. Twenty, thirty feet deep—the Germans must have built this dugout. A door with a crack of light. Joe knocked. A muffled call came from within. He pushed. At a table in a gloomy room, ill-lighted by candles, sat his old battalion commander—gaunt, tousled, evidently doxy from fatigue. Joe's throat suddenly tightened.

"It's me, major. Lieutenant McCracken, back from the hospital and ready for the job." He snapped out a salute.

Major Headley rose on unsteady pins and wobbled over to him.

"Why, Joe, I thought they sent you to the States!"

"Not me, sir. That was Keeler they sent."

"No, no, I mean you. Somebody told me that—I can't think now who it was . . . Well, we sure can use you here. We go over tomorrow morning, did you know that? Hour is five-thirty. A big attack. This time we won't stop, they say, until we get to the Meuse River. God knows how many of us will live to bathe our feet in it. Well, you better go on up and join your company. They're dug in along the Bantheville-Landres-et-St. Georges road. I'll have a runner take you up. First Lieutenant Merritt is in command now. He will be glad to see you."

"Major, I can't help asking—I'm curious—did my promotion ever come through?"

"What was that?—oh, yes. I was going to promote you, wasn't I? Well, I held that up, my lad, when I learned you were going back to the States. No use promoting a man, then losing him, eh? The new adjutant pointed that out."

And who might he be, Joe started to ask, but the question was answered before he uttered it. Through a curtain that covered the entrance to another room stepped a tall figure that Joe, by the candle's flicker, saw to be the one and only Sedgwick Oakley. They glanced through each other while Major Headley mumbled explanations.

"Lieutenant McCracken is just back from hospital. Seems he didn't go to the States, after all. Lieutenant Oakley's the new adjutant. I promoted him, Joe, when I didn't think you were coming back. He's a good man and a smart officer. Well educated and all that." He suddenly executed a little jig and glanced yearningly at the curtained door. "I'll be right back, boys. Oakley, tell Joe about tomorrow's attack." He weaved his way to the exit.

"Well, you skunk," said Joe briskly to Oakley, "you put it over, didn't you? Started a latrine rumor I wasn't coming back to the outfit. Stepped into my shoes."

Oakley's stare was cold. "Not exactly your shoes, McCracken. Your shoes were bedroom slippers, worn in a superlatively safe place."

"I was in hospital, you rodent, and entitled to be there. But we'll talk that over some other day."

"I shall be delighted."

"I don't just mean talk, either." Joe swayed closer.

"Ah, no; neither do I, McCracken."

"The difference in our ranks—you won't pull that on me?"

"You may be assured I shall not."

"Very good, you sunnava. To the day, as the Heinies put it."

"Any day, McCracken. Childish, but I'll humor you."

Major Headley tottered back. From a dark corner he summoned a runner. Joe shot a clip into his pistol and set the safety; buttoned his slicker and turned up the collar. In the stillness of the dugout, deep as it was, they heard a heavy crump. Clods rattled down the steps and up against the door.

"I'll be pushing on, then, major."

"Luck, Joe. My compliments to Lieutenant Merritt."

"And mine to the Kriemhilde Stellung," added Lieutenant Oakley crisply. Joe made no further comment but followed the runner up the dug-out steps.

AN ARMY runner of more than the usual amount of Swedish taciturnity, furnished him at battalion headquarters as a guide, took him in a generally northern direction through the Bois de Bantheville, a thick forest splashed by unpredictable ravines, seeking the command post of Joe's former comrades of B Company, Six Hundred Eighty-First Machine Gun Battalion. Joe, beating creepers from his face and twisting an ankle every now and then, couldn't help but reflect on the grisly contrast between his present position and the elysian fields he had recently quitted at Convalescent Camp Number Four.

Mist rose from the damp ground and coldly penetrated their garments. A doubt assailed him and he leaped forward and laid hand on the dim figure in front of him.

"Have you any idea where you're going?" he demanded.

"Ya, sure."

"You'd better be. I've got a date with the prettiest gal in all Keokuk tonight and I don't want her to think I'm standing her up."

If the Swede believed the lieutenant crazy he didn't indicate it.

Strangely, they met no one. But the rumbling in the distance ahead, the occasional crackle of machine-gun fire far to their left and the light flashes in the sky reminded Joe that this would be hallowe'en back home.

The runner stopped. Joe bumped into his back, and snarled at him. The fellow brought forth a compass with phosphorescent dial, fiddled with it and studied it.

"You're lost!"

But the guide merely shrugged his shoulders, and sought out a new direction. And then suddenly a voice, a growl that rasped them and brought them up short: "Who there!"

"Yanks—Americans," Joe blurted.

"Give password!" (Continued on page 48)

Does your breath broadcast "I WEAR FALSE TEETH"?



Does their stained look shout "False"?

PLAY SAFE • USE POLIDENT

**PREVENTS "DENTURE BREATH"
PURIFIES PLATES LIKE NEW...WITHOUT BRUSHING!**

There's no need to broadcast the fact you have false teeth. But you will—unless you take steps to prevent those two tell-tale signs: stains and offensive Denture Breath—both the result of half-clean plates or removable bridges.

People who wear plates or bridges often suffer from a special kind of bad breath. Dentists call it—"denture breath".

You won't know if you have it—but it can spoil your happiness. Friends will shudder—people avoid you! And the worst of it is that ordinary brushing may not prevent it. Neither will mouth washes. For the odor comes from a mucin-scum that collects on plates and bridges. This scum soaks up germs and decay bacteria and causes a vile odor that *you* cannot detect.

One thing that definitely will stop "denture breath" is Polident! This new brushless cleaner has won the approval of thousands of dentists. Users say it's a blessing.

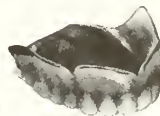
Polident not only purifies false teeth—but also removes all stain, tarnish and deposits. Makes breath sweeter—plates look better and feel better. Sold at all drug stores—3 oz. can 30¢—7 oz. can 60¢. And your money back if not delighted. Wernet Dental Mfg. Co., Inc., 190 Baldwin Ave., Jersey City, N. J.



**"I'VE CHANGED FALSE
TEETH CLEANING
FROM A PROBLEM
TO A PLEASURE!"**

**HALF-
CLEAN**

with brushing



Germs and decay bacteria breed by the million in stains, film and deposits on plates—often cause sore gums, sour-breath and even serious infection.



**REALLY
CLEAN
with
POLIDENT**

Even worst old stains, film, deposits and odors vanish. Teeth become whiter, brighter—gums look more alive and natural.

POLIDENT

WORKS LIKE MAGIC

Add a little Polident Powder to ½ glass water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.



Back to the Front

(Continued from page 47)

Password! What was it? The major hadn't told him. The Swede wouldn't know.

"Listen, doughboy, please. I'm just back from hospital and they didn't tell me the password. I'm a second looey of machine guns—Joe McCracken. Me and this—this mental giant here—are hunting for B Company command post."

"You Looey McCracken?"

"You bet!"

A moment of silence.

"What score ball game we play A Company, Camp Funston, last spring?"

"Hell, we beat 'em eleven to one. I pitched. They only got three hits off me!"

"Sure, you right. This Corporal Big Antelope. I know you now."

"Oh, boy! Imagine finding a pal way out here in the middle of hell. Put her there, Antelope. And take us to company headquarters, pronto."

The Antelope, a Sioux Indian of fullblood who had not lost the ancient forest cunning of his forebears, glided ahead and they tumbled after. After ten minutes of sweaty struggle they came to a clearing, the sky a dim patch through the trees. The Antelope stooped to the ground and whispered. A faint point of light picked out his features. He grasped Joe by the arm and pulled him down until his face was in the feeble light-beam. Joe peered through an aperture between earth and blanket. Squatting, tailor-fashion, in the hole, facing a candle in the top of a baking-powder can, was Chad Merritt, first looey now in command of B Company.

"Chad, this is Joe McCracken!"

"The devil you say! Somebody told me you were in Fort Snelling, enjoying the winter skiing."

"Somebody did a lot of talking. Can I come in?"

"Yep. Take it easy. Sort of scrunch under the blanket so you don't loosen the pegs."

Joe scrunched in. They shook hands.

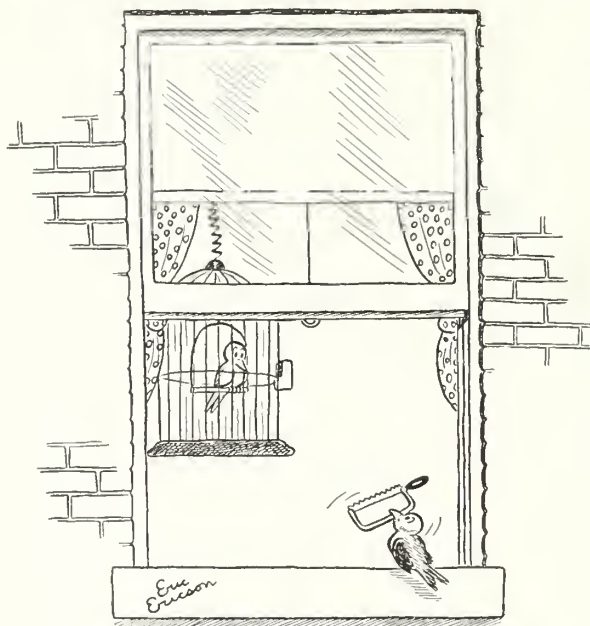
"I was just studying the maps," Merritt explained. "Here's our division line around the edge of the woods, with our brigade leading tomorrow's attack. We're with the Six-Ninety-Third Infantry, here on the right, and the Ninety-Fourth is on the left. We fire a two-hour barrage with the artillery, beginning at three-thirty and then a creeping barrage ahead of the moving infantry. Then we pick up our guns and run after them. Your platoon is all set—Schultz is in command."

"Where are they now?"

"All around us here. If you crawl to the right, bearing diagonally forward you'll stumble over them. But don't miss them or you'll crawl into the German lines and I need officers, what with only you and Farrell left."

"I think I'll go find them now."

Joe inched backwards out of the fox-hole to find himself completely alone, the guide having vanished. He proceeded on hands and knees, slowly, on the alert.



He heard a muffled cough and crawled in that direction. A hollow was scooped out and two figures lay in it, bundled together with blankets. Joe crawled up until he lay alongside them, head pointing in the same direction, then he spoke: "I am looking for Sergeant Schultz."

"Dis iss Schultz." It was the nearer figure.

"This is Joe McCracken. I got back to you."

"Lieutenant Choe! Vat do you think! Chee, I been puzzlin' about you. Me and Petersen we sort of rolled up here together, to keep warm, like. Tomorrow morning already—"

"I know. They told me. Are the gun-crews ready?"

"Yah. Ve come up here two days ago, built our emplacements for de guns, piled up ammunition in dumps and got our figures for der shoothing."

"You run the show. I'll just go along until I catch on to things."

After a pause. "Lieutenant, dot feller Oakley did get dot permotion. Everyone in der company feel bad. I wrote you, yet, to hurry back."

"I know. I got your letter. I did hurry, fast as I could."

"Don't you worry, yet. Some of der

Irishers in der second platoon sveal dey vill bump him off with a grenade de next time dey ketch him up front."

With this cheery thought to keep him company, Joe lay beside Schultz while occasional hardware crashed into the woods around them.

IN THE first gray haze of the morning of November first, Joe stirred awake and glanced at Schultz to note that he was awake, too. The illuminated dial of his wrist-watch showed three-fifteen.

"Ve stardt our barratch at three-thirty," reminded Schultz.

The woods were still, and wisps of fog hugged the contours of the ground. Dimly, Joe could make out knots of soldiers and with each knot a machine gun, its feet braced with earth-bags, its muzzle elevated. He and Schultz went to the nearest group. The men grinned and shook hands. They seemed glad to see him, but the surroundings were scarcely conducive to the hilarity of a college reunion.

"What's the range?" he asked the Number One man at the gun.

"Twelve hundred meters, sir. Objective the southern part of the Bois d'Andevanne. At five-thirty we raise to the Andevanne-Rémonville road."

He noted with satisfaction the disposition of the gun-crew—men strung out in pairs from the gun back forty or fifty feet to the ammunition pile. With Schultz he visited briefly the other positions. It lacked but a few minutes of the hour for the barrage to start when they finished the inspection and returned together to a slight rise just behind the center gun. Joe watched the minute hand melt toward the thirty mark. Suddenly it was there, and the heavens fell in. A Niagara of sound swept over them. At first their ears were choked by it but presently the uproar took form, a rising and falling rhythm of intensity. Against the hideous background of din they could discern individual crashes and chatteringings.

Stinging, acrid smoke choked their nostrils. Leaves fluttered down on them from the limbs above, clipped off they could guess how. They noted occasional geysers of earth, rising within their ken. Quite obviously, they were being enthusiastically shot at, as well as doing some shooting.

The gun crew nearest them was working with considerable precision, taking into account the hazards of their employment. Ever and anon the gunner would pause to check his data—elevation,

deflection, the solidity of the sandbag emplacement. The men in back kept working the boxes of ammunition forward. A little mound of empties grew at the side of the gun. A wisp of steam curled up from the water-jacket covering the heated barrel.

Joe made signs to Schultz that he proposed visiting the other crews. Schultz went to one flank, he to another. When they came back to the center again they found a wrecked gun, two men dead beside it, torn by shell fragments. Two other men were dazedly fumbling with the debris, trying to get things working again. None of them tried to talk. Joe examined the gun, saw its condition was hopeless and motioned the surviving men to join the other crews.

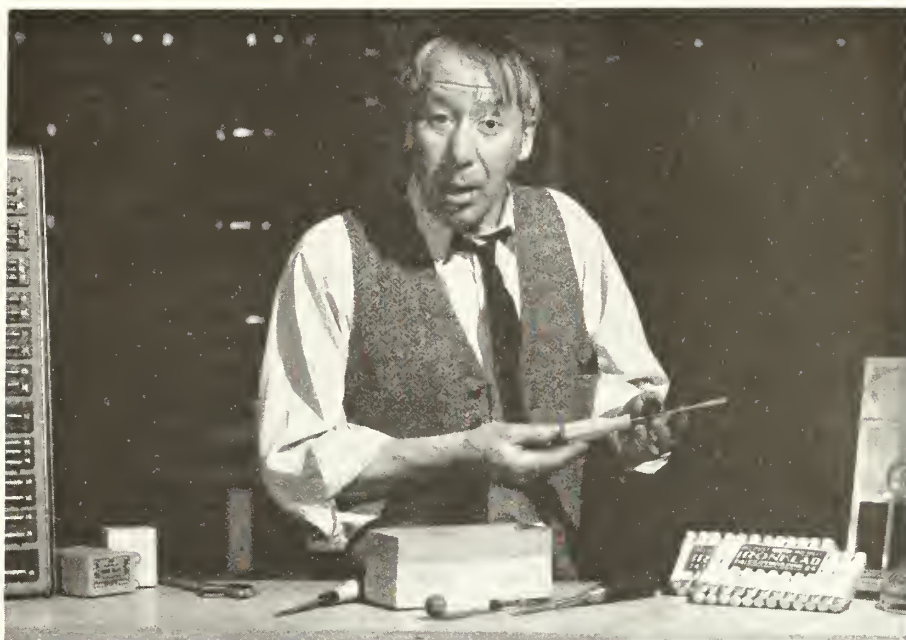
Hour came. At exactly five-thirty the barrage lifted from the nearby objectives to farther-distant cross-roads, woods and other "sensitive" points. From the ground all around Joe saw the infantry arise, shake themselves and stamp their feet, then move in thin lines forward. Joe visited the remaining guns of his platoon and checked their firing data on the new objectives. Half an hour more shooting and they suddenly ceased. The men swarmed around the hot guns and dismantled them. Each man picked up tripod, barrel, spare parts or ammunition. Swaying under their burdens they struggled along in the wake of the advancing infantry.

An hour later they staggered over the open and rolling country toward Rémonville. B Company was strung out in rough co-ordination with the support battalion of infantry. Joe and Schultz led the first platoon, on the right, Sergeant Walsh the second, in the center, and Lieutenant Farrell the third, on the left. Lieutenant Merritt, commanding, was in the center, a little to the rear. They kept in fairly close touch by runner and semaphore.

The danger seemed surprisingly slight. The enemy artillery had been silenced and his successive machine-gun nests were overwhelmed by the first infantry waves before the heavily-burdened American machine-gunners came within range.

Now through the edge of the Bois de Barricourt. Noon was on them. There was some fog. Still plodding after the infantry, they made a half-right turn, swinging toward Barricourt and its heights. Here, ahead of them, was the strong point that was the keystone to the German lines defending the Meuse, these lines in turn the vital spot in the whole sprawling German group of armies from the sea to Switzerland.

Joe was lugging two boxes of ammunition. He set them down, rubbed his hands to restore circulation, flexed his arms and loosened the spots where clothing clung to him under straps. Took a swig at his canteen, lit a cigarette and dragged deeply at it. Placed it in his mouth and (Continued on page 50)



"Handmade? Of Course Not!"

"Why, most everything in this store is made by machines nowadays. If it weren't, I wouldn't be selling half these things, and you couldn't buy them. They'd cost too much."

IF MANUFACTURED articles had to be made by hand, very few American families would be able to enjoy electric lights, automobiles, silk hose, daily newspapers, telephones, or the other comforts and conveniences of life today. Even the necessities, such as food and clothing, would be scarcer and more expensive. And there wouldn't be the number of factory jobs there are in America today, or millions of other jobs selling, servicing, and supplying the raw materials for the hundreds of new products that machines have made possible.

Fifty years ago, there were only 4,000,000 factory jobs in this country—today there are twice as many. Because industry devised machines to make products at low cost, more millions of people could buy them. And because more were bought, more men were employed making them.

General Electric scientists and engineers, by applying electricity to the machines of industry, have been responsible for much of this progress. Their efforts today are creating NOT ONLY MORE GOODS FOR MORE PEOPLE AT LESS COST, but also MORE AND BETTER JOBS AT HIGHER WAGES.

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NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR — SEE THE G-E "HOUSE OF MAGIC" — SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION

Back to the Front

(Continued from page 49)

picked up his burdens. The going was certainly tough, he reflected, but then he was still alive, and that was certainly something.

The slope steepened perceptibly. The fog rolled in and settled thickly. Shells clumped near by. One crashed a few paces away. Fragments zinged by Joe's ears, buzzing angrily, like bees. He could see only fifty yards or so to either side. A machine gun chattered directly ahead and angry crackling filled the air. Then the unmistakable pft-pft of close-passing bullets.

He came suddenly on a group of doughboys lying flat.

"Better get down, bozo, if you want to last."

Joe took the advice. "What's ahead?" he asked.

"Machine-gun nest. It's held us up a long time. The boys are working on it

from the flanks."

Joe left his ammunition lying on the ground and ran over through the fog to the right.

Presently he found a man carrying a gun barrel and, a little farther on, the man with the tripod. He brought them with him. They set up their gun in a slight declivity and hooked on a box of ammunition. Joe wormed forward.

"What about turning loose with a burst or two?" he asked the infantry sergeant. "Anything ahead except Germans?"

"I don't think so. Let's take a chance," replied the doughboy. "They've been picking us off. Our flanking parties maybe didn't get through. They've had plenty time. Give 'em a bucket-full. Lay down everyone ahead!" he yelled.

Joe hunched back. Gave the gun crew direction and plenty of elevation. They

fired toward the chattering. One burst, two—ten. A pause. No more chattering. A shout far ahead. Rifle shots. A yell drifted back: "Hold your fire!" In a few minutes a doughboy appeared in front, out of the fog. The infantry sergeant called back to Joe: "You connected. Our patrol went in and got 'em. Thanks plenty."

Joe told them to leave the gun mounted for emergency. He borrowed a couple of men from the doughboy sergeant to help carry and, all together, they started slowly forward again.

One of the men stumbled and the machine gun clattered to the ground in his direction at the same instant that a burst of chattering came to their ears. A heart-beat later all the men in sight were on the ground, frantically burrowing for cover.

(To be concluded)

States' Rights and States Wrong

(Continued from page 3)

Dairy produce has suffered especially from the use of legislation ostensibly for inspection but in many cases to limit the marketing of milk, eggs and butter to state or local farmers. In my own section, New England, it is almost and in many cases quite impossible to transport milk across state lines, and in many instances local farmers have even arranged matters so that it cannot be transported more than a few miles, thus insuring themselves the entire local market with no competition. Milk of the proper sort can be transported 1000 miles without deterioration, and the tendency in this industry is a good example of how inter-state trade in many other lines is being throttled for the sake of the supposed interest of some local business group who can bring pressure to bear on the state legislatures.

Naturally, when discriminated against, other States retaliate, and one of the bad features of the whole situation is the breeding of bitter feeling between States and whole sections. We hear much nowadays of economic warfare without realizing that there are full-fledged economic wars being waged within our own borders, as distinguished from keen but fair competition. That over margarine has been one of the most notable examples.

For the local advantage of their own product some of the north middle States, especially Wisconsin, tried to shut off the Southern margarine made from cotton seed oil. Following the passage of the Wisconsin laws the Mid-Southern Cotton Growers Association declared "Cotton

oil is to the South what butterfat is to Wisconsin and what hog lard is to the corn-hog States. Any interference with the free movement of cotton oil strikes at the heart of the cotton grower and the South generally, AND CANNOT BE TOLERATED." After adding that the South was Wisconsin's best customer for her products it said, "She has chosen to wall herself in. Let her see how she likes it." A "Wisconsin Good Will Tour" was then organized, but a Southern editorial advised its readers to "Treat them with courtesy, of course, but the good will tourists may also be reminded that good will is a game two can play at. Why come down South and expect to encourage our friendly relations when they have already placed a tax on some Georgia products which will make their use in Wisconsin prohibitive?"

Some time later the Wisconsin Manufacturers Association reported that the State had lost \$1,000,000 in paper and \$2,500,000 in textile and machinery manufacturing alone in the South. Bitter words have been written on both sides, and this is only one of the many wars now being waged between States as a result of trying to beat the Constitution and erect barriers to trade among ourselves.

SOME of the latest developments in this new war between the States refer to even law and banking. In the scramble for taxes a decision of the Supreme Court seems to have ruled that securities in safe deposit box or custody in one State while the owner has his actual and legal resi-

dence in another may be taxed in both, and there is a proposed law in Connecticut that a fiduciary in another State cannot act for a Connecticut resident. Naturally the connections of a great number of people in the western part of that State are with New York. They commute daily. It is convenient to be able to go to your safe deposit box during your working day. The New York banks are larger, stronger, and offer more varied service than the local banks in small places.

In my own village there is no bank other than an excellent savings one. These new decisions and laws may mean that I shall have to break off life-time connections in New York, where all my business affairs, publishing, banking, investment and other, take me regularly, and nose around to find some Connecticut city in just the opposite direction, where I never go, and find a strange institution in it to take charge of my business without anything like the facilities afforded by Wall Street institutions an hour away in a city to which I have constantly to go on other matters.

Will this increase the business of Connecticut lawyers and banks, or, as results are often unexpected, may it mean that Connecticut will cease to be a desirable place to live for people with connections of all sorts in New York? Besides disrupting the arrangements made in innumerable lives, what may it do to real estate values, taxables, etc? It raises the question, which all these interferences with inter-state business raise: "Am I a citizen of a *United States* or only of Con-

necticut, Rhode Island, Delaware or other small community?" Because a person happens to live a mile or two over the Connecticut state line and goes to New York daily in hardly more than a half hour, why should he be forced to sever his New York City banking connections?

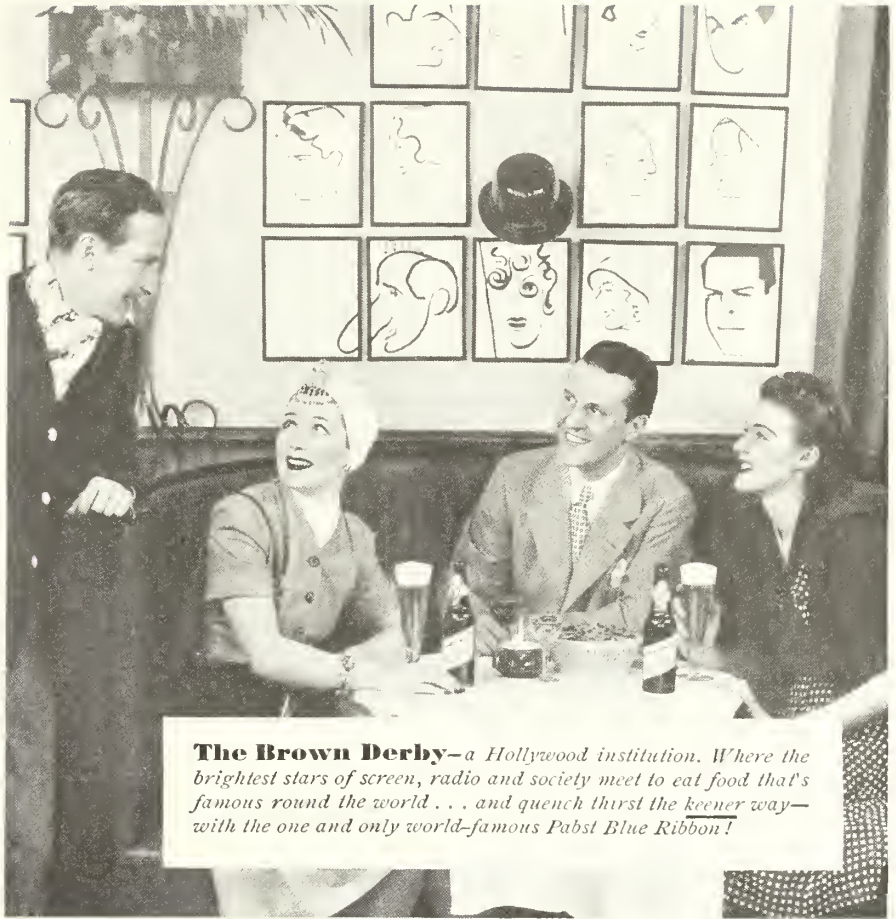
This situation is paralleled, of course, at Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and in several other cases where a large city is close to its State's border.

The situation, regarding which only a few of the points have been mentioned, is filled with danger not only for business but the very life of the Union. We have had enormous resources and opportunities in the United States. We had magnificent soil, much of which from bad handling we have allowed to be washed from our fields or turned into "dust bowls." We had forests stretching from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and we have stripped them without thought of the future. We have squandered our heritage to a great extent, but we also had for the development of national business our vast free trade area which made the rapid growth of business and mass production possible, with free markets in which to buy materials and in which to sell goods.

In a feverish scramble for selfish and local interests are we now going to be short-sighted and unwise enough to squander that also and create 48 Balkan States with no more free trade, but with each trying to prevent entry of goods from the others and so ruining that national trade on which alone can be based the prosperity again of any one?

There is also the grave danger of a disruption of the nation as was threatened in 1861 and on account of which we fought a long and bloody war between North and South. If the present tendency cannot be halted and then reversed, it will become intensified in the struggle of each for each and against all. More pressure groups will demand local protection and as each new law is passed in one State against the others, the others will retaliate with more laws of their own. We are already caught deep in the vicious circle. Fortunately many of the state legislatures, as well as their leaders and the Federal Government, have awakened to the reality of the crisis which is threatening us.

THE Council of State Governments, which arranged the meeting in Chicago and of which I wrote in an earlier issue of this magazine, is facing the challenge, and already some laws have been repealed and others have been successfully opposed. But the struggle will be a terrific one, for men, groups and localities are selfish, and often prefer apparent immediate profit to the salvation of their whole future. The danger in the present situation is that that has been our way from the (Continued on page 52)



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cious beer that's lighter . . . brighter . . . brisk-bodied, not logy. Nothing heavy to slow up its delightfully refreshing tingle.

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This master-blended formula is a 95-year Pabst secret. So don't expect to find it in any other beer. When you want keener refreshment—remember... give Pabst the call. Demand BLUE RIBBON, the beer that's tuned to America's smarter taste!

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Pass the word...you want

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WHEN PURCHASING PRODUCTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

States' Rights and States Wrong

(Continued from page 51)

start—with the soil, coal, forests, tariffs, national pressure groups. Yet if we continue on the road of the past few years national business will disintegrate and very likely the nation itself. I have never been an alarmist in my writings and do not wish to be so now, but suppose we cannot in the future do business freely with one another but become citizens of 48 States, poor in themselves because national prosperity cannot return under those circumstances, each State struggling with unemployment, taxation, pressure groups urging economic war against its neighbors. Under such conditions how long can the feeling that we are all one, or even want to be, last?

We are rapidly sliding down back through the decades and centuries to that meeting at Annapolis in 1786. It seemed to many or most men then that we could never forget we were New Yorkers, New

Englanders, Pennsylvanians or Virginians and think of ourselves as Americans, with a new Constitution and a new nation. We did so, however, and we rose as such to be one of the greatest powers in the world with the highest standard of living for the greatest number of people the world has ever seen.

The men then, like Washington, Hamilton, Patrick Henry, Madison and many others in all the original States, who fought for the building of a nation out of jealous States, wrought a work which has lasted through Civil and World Wars and made us all we are. There is no greater work to be done today than to fight their fight again, and kill this insidious movement of sectionalism and localism which threatens to undo all we and our ancestors have accomplished. I believe in the States. I believe in not concentrating all power in a vast centralized super-organization.

In the Council of State Governments and the magnificent work they are doing in many fields we have a governmental organ which can handle this new situation if only the citizens of each State will back them and hold up their hands against the short-sighted greed of localism. We have our profoundly serious national problems but we also have the one I have tried to outline in every state legislature in the land. It is in them only that their citizens can solve and overcome it.

If we wish America to remain a united democracy, a Union of sister States, happy and proud of their relations with one another, prosperous in their trade with one another, this problem *must* be understood and solved, and it seems to me that there is no clearer call to public service for any of us than to do all we can to help in any way we can.

The Spirit of St. Louis

(Continued from page 31)

income of at least \$100 per month for fifty years (the longest life expectancy of any Legionnaire) to assure proper maintenance of the Post home. Aided materially in the relief of flood refugees in the disaster of March, 1936. During the past four years has contributed upwards of \$20,000 to the Greater Pittston Community Welfare Federation in support of Pittston Hospital and other worthy charitable and character building agencies of the community, and made liberal contributions to other relief and chari-

table organizations locally and throughout its section.

John D. Stark Post has been active in the youth program and has promoted as many as thirty-two junior baseball teams in one season; it has a Sons of the Legion drill team, and Sons of the Legion drum and bugle corps of sixty members, and engages in many other youth activities.

The Stark Post is comfortably housed in its own \$85,000 home, which is completely paid for. There is also some pride,

too, in the fact that in the Post, the Auxiliary, and the Sons of the Legion there are nearly 1,150 uniformed members.

Frank L. Pinola, Past Department Commander of Pennsylvania and who has filled many offices in the National Organization, now Chairman of the National Legislative Committee, was the first Commander of this splendid Post of active Legionnaires which is now commanded by Frank E. Houser, of West Pittston.



Twenty-one years, twenty-one Post Commanders—all in uniform and active in the Post work. That's the record boasted by Westfield (Massachusetts) Post

Rally 'Round the Flag

FOR many years Frank Miles, editor of the *Iowa Legionaire*, has carried a banner line: "Iowa Leads the Legion." Now, from reports coming in from Iowa Posts whose colors have been in every National Legion parade, the Step-Keeper is inclined to think that Frank has something there. First, Monahan Post, Sioux City, then Marion Post told the world about their colors and counted up the bands for a total of a full hundred percent. Now another Iowan:

"Pooie," says Adjutant H. H. (Bill) Wage, of Hanford Post, Cedar Rapids, "our Post has every band awarded by National Headquarters, which is just as many as Monahan and our good neighbors at Marion have. So what?" Hanford Post closed last year with 1,217 members, eighteenth in the national list of Big Brother Posts. The Post meetings average around five hundred in attendance, active working Legionnaires, not knife-and-fork members.

Then comes Historian Joseph R. Gregory of Lawndale-Crawford Post, of Chicago, who offers pictures to prove his statement that the staff of the Post banner has everything, including Minneapolis, 1919, and Cleveland, 1920. Here is what he says:

"If the flag staff of Lawndale-Crawford Post could speak, it would say something like this: 'I won't tell about my travels, although an account of my journeys would sound like a tour around the world. I've visited every big city and every State in these good old United States and several foreign countries. All told I must have traveled more than 50,000 miles. I've represented my Post at every Illinois Department Convention and every National Convention of the Legion. There's a plate on my chest for every one to prove it. No sir, I haven't missed a single convention since 1910, and I know that my Post's 412 active members intend me to continue in this unique distinction.'"

Then, the Step Keeper has heard from Adjutant G. E. Graham, of Dick Munkres Post, Savannah, Missouri, who reports an all-time high in membership, one hundred and sixty-four, and with all but three 1938 members re-upped for this year of grace. He says: "Our Post banner has been carried in every National Convention Parade since the custom of awarding service bars for appearance was instituted. We made it a special point to have our colors in the National Parade without thinking much about making a record. Since reading the article about the Sioux City Post we realize that it is really quite an achievement and, naturally, are very proud of the bars our banner has earned."

Membership Stability Record

BY REASON of having increased its membership each year for ten con-

secutive years, South Jacksonville (Florida) Post was awarded the David Forster Trophy for membership stability, one of the handsomest awarded by the Department of Florida, at the recent Department Convention at Fort Lauderdale. The trophy is a memorial to the late David Forster, of New Smyrna, an outstanding Legion worker, and was donated to the Department by Past Department Commander Howard P. MacFarlane. It will be awarded annually.

Incidentally the Convention at Fort Lauderdale furnished something of a

field day for South Jacksonville Post. The rifle team of its squadron of the Sons of the Legion, a "400" percent outfit, walked off with the junior title for the second straight year; its Auxiliary captured membership and poster honors, and the Post was termed Fourth District leader in maintaining the Legion program.

New Jersey's High Command

ONCE in a while the Past Commanders of a Department—called King Tuts in (Continued on page 54)

Pennies For Wings

THE voice of a friend. Reassuring words from father, mother, son or daughter. A hurried call for aid in the night. You cannot set a price on such things as these.

Yet this is true—telephone service is cheap in this country. No other people get so much service, and such good and courteous service, at such low cost.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The Bell System cordially invites you to visit its exhibits at the New York World's Fair and the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco.



The Spirit of St. Louis

(Continued from page 53)

Minnesota—get together for a gabfest, and review the state of the order. Such a meeting of the New Jersey high command from the earliest Commander down to the latest was held recently at the home of Joseph B. Sears, 1921-22, of Bloomfield, when sixteen of the seventeen living Past Department Commanders met in social session, supported by the present Commander and the National Executive Committee-man. The ranks of the New Jersey Commanders have been broken twice by death, Leonidas Coyle, 1920-21, and George F. Fleming, 1927-28. Ted Crichton, 1930-31, was unable to be present at the meeting.

In the group picture, which was taken at Joe Sears' party, the Pasts are arranged in order of service. Front row, left to right, Hobart B. Brown, 1919-20; Joseph D. Sears, 1921-22; Alan Bruce Conlin, 1922-23; Judge Philip Forman, 1923-24; A. Eugene Pattison, 1924-25; Judge Frank A. Mathews, Jr., 1925-26. (Past Commander Mathews is responsible for a long series of stories which have been published in this magazine. See "Advertising Costs Money" in this number.)

Second row, John Grimshaw, Jr., 1926-27; Herbert H. Blizzard, 1928-29; Judge Richard Hartshorne, 1929-30, (now Chairman of the Legion's National Law and Order Committee); W. Rex McCrosson, 1931-32; Joseph H. Edgar, 1932-33, and Samuel Spingarn, 1933-34.

Rear row, C. Richard Allen, 1934-35; John E. Cash, 1935-36; William T. Regan, 1936-37; J. Iredell Wyckoff, 1937-38; Lester G. Block, now in office as Department Commander, and William G. McKinley, who has represented the Department in the National Executive Committee since 1935. These men, each in his turn, have contributed in leadership to the department.

More Birthday Parties

THE Legion's twentieth anniversary was amply, adequately and enthusiastically celebrated by most, if not all, of the 11,585 Posts that make up the organi-

zation. This opinion is based on the number of reports of birthday parties sent in by our correspondents—too many to even attempt a survey, because of lack of space. Erik Madisen, Editor of the *Badger Legionnaire*, solved the problem of reporting the parties in the Department of Wisconsin by referring to the number of parties held and concluding that all had a

Legionnaire, Leo J. Hagerty, as Master of Ceremonies. Special honor was paid to the Past Commanders of the Post.

Henry Trucker, Senior Vice Commander of A. Pierson Hurd Post, Peckville, Pennsylvania, writes that his Post holds a general get-together meeting every year which, this year, was combined with the twentieth anniversary

celebration. A feature of the evening was the unusual birthday cake, twenty inches in diameter, weighing twenty pounds, and decorated with twenty candles with twenty poppies set between the candles.

Where There Is a Will

"UNKNOWN Soldier Post, which functions up in the suburban Bronx of New York City," says Legionnaire Lowell M. Limpus, "on April 2d demonstrated what a small Post can really do if it sets its mind to it. This

Post musters less than one hundred and twenty-five members, but it staged a huge parade of ten thousand marchers down the Grand Concourse, and produced an array of city, state and national leaders to participate in an unusual ceremony at the Bronx County Court House plaza. And it did all this twelve hours after producing a successful military ball.

"Furthermore, just three days later, it conducted its own aerial pilgrimage to Arlington to the grave of the Unknown comrade, whose name it bears, and while down there participated in the Washington, D. C., Army Day parade, in addition to sending members to personally distribute cigarettes to patients in the veterans' hospitals at the National Capital. And Unknown Soldier Post is just an ordinary little neighborhood Post, composed mostly of small shop-keepers, taxi-drivers and WPA workers. It has gradually built up its annual tribute to the Unknown Soldier into an impressive ceremony, in which the whole city participates. In essence, it is simple. A guard of honor escorts a Gold Star Mothers' wreath to the Court House plaza where the wreath is consecrated by clergymen of three faiths. It is then taken to the Arlington tomb—but fifteen thousand



Twenty years of progressive Legion service represented by the Past Department Commanders of New Jersey—1919-1939—grouped at a social session held at the home of "Past" Joe Sears

good time—not space enough to tell about each one. Here are a few grabbed at random from the folder:

"In Utah, believe it or not," says Stephen J. Maloney, Department Publicity Chairman, "the Legion movement is on the upswing. This was shown definitely when at the twentieth birthday party 1,200 of Utah's 4,000 were in attendance at the banquet at the Hotel Newhouse in Salt Lake City. Several hundred others were turned away because the four big dining rooms were filled and the hotel was unable to accommodate them. The party had Past National Vice Commander Charles R. Mabey, former Governor of Utah, as toastmaster; National Chaplain Jerome L. Fritsche as principal speaker, and Past Department Commander Darrell T. Lane, General Counsel Air Safety Board of the Civil Aeronautics Authority at Washington, as special guest."

Battle Mountain Post, of Hot Springs, South Dakota, held a festive gathering featuring a forty-pound birthday cake—two pounds for each year. Jesse Clipper Post, of Buffalo, New York, observed the birthday anniversary with a dinner attended by approximately two hundred persons, presided over by that sturdy

people watched the ceremony this year and WNYC broadcast it.

"Every member of the Post worked desperately to stage the affair under the direction of Commander A. A. Mopper and Chairman Hyman Bregman. Past Department Commander Jerry Cross, who is Chairman of the Legion's National Americanism Commission, was Grand Marshal of the parade and Lowell M. Limpus, a member of the Post, acted as master of ceremonies at the plaza."

One of the Veterans

"**R**AGAN-LIDE Post, of Detroit, composed entirely of women veterans of the World War and named for two nurses who died in service, is entitled to twenty candles on its birthday cake," Sue C. Gallagher, Publicity Officer, tells us.

"Organized May 29, 1919, it was the third Post in Michigan and one of the first all-women Posts in the entire organization.

"It has always taken an active part in the Legion program, in fact the women of Ragan-Lide Post keep step with their brother comrades! Ragan-Lide Post has another claim to distinction—it is one of the few women's Posts that sponsors an Auxiliary Unit. No, comrades, the Unit does not represent the husbands of women Legionnaires, but a group of women whose husbands are members of different Posts.

Westfield Keeps Them

WESTFIELD (Massachusetts) Post is another twenty-year-old unit in the Legion organization that boasts of twenty living Past Commanders. All were brought together as a group for the first time in the Post's history, when at the twentieth anniversary celebration, special tribute was paid them. All were in Legion uniform, too.

In the picture on page 52, reading from the left to right, the Past Commanders are: Front row, Julius Block, Gustave Range, Stephen C. Chatlos, John J. Guinasso, Thomas Scanlon, Stanley K. Smith, Louis Kasper, Peter Jensen, Jr., Noah Duperrault, Raymond Fowler, and Dr. Richard P. McCarthy. Back row, Charles E. Lemire, Dr. Dennis S. Shannon, Charles F. Ely, Milton F. Gardner, Joseph P. Cullen, Arthur S. Tierney, John J. Murphy, Arthur G. Porter, Harold Wittemore, and H. Perry Chandler.

Legion Shorts

KENT (Washington) Post recently held a test mobilization to complete the organization of an emergency disaster committee. Kent has a population of 2,500 and the Post has seventy-one members, but within a few minutes after the call sounded a roll call was made—there were (Continued on page 56)



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The Spirit of St. Louis

(Continued from page 55)

mobilized twenty-five Legionnaires, twelve Auxiliary members, ten firemen, four policemen, two deputy sheriffs, with first-aid equipment, two doctors, two nurses, thirty-two Boy Scouts, six first-aid specialists, two pieces of fire equipment, one row-boat and motor, twenty-five trucks, one hundred and sixty-five cars, and about one hundred and fifty citizens . . . Hood-Vanatt Post, New Florence, Pennsylvania, made a unique school medal award at the close of the school term, when Harry and Florence Brinker, brother and sister, were presented the Legion medals.

Eric H. Ross, Adjutant of Benjamin Johnson Post, Brooklyn, Wisconsin, writes: "Our Post started from scratch and has worked for everything it now has. Our assets at this time are a Number One Department Champion junior drum and bugle

corps, a Number One Little German Band and the one hundred percent good will of our community. This by a Post with 38 members in a town of less than four hundred people." . . . Membership getter: Clarence J. Petter, Twenty-Fourth District Commander, Los Angeles, California, reports that Comrade Fred S. Kelly, member of the recently organized Twentieth Century-Fox Studio Post of Hollywood, has taken first honors for membership effort. Says Commander Petter: "Comrade Kelly had never belonged to the Legion until a group of veterans employed by the studio conceived the idea of organizing a Post. He was placed on the membership committee and went to work, signing up one hundred and ten men who, like himself, had never before been Legion members." . . . Francis P. Markey, Service Officer of Andover

(Massachusetts) Post, writes: "Our Post celebrated its twentieth anniversary by donating to our town a resuscitator and inhalator at a cost of \$410. We also gave \$100 to the Junior High School for the purchase of four clipper ship pictures to be hung in a room called The American Legion Room, and at the same time set up a trust of \$200 to perpetuate an annual \$5 award to that pupil in our schools named as winner in a course of study on the Constitution of the United States." . . . A bit belated, a report of an iron lung presentation comes from Herman R. Wells, Publicity Chairman of Donaldson-Walker Post, Cushing, Oklahoma, who says that his Post in a coöperative effort with Drumwright, Yale and Stillwater Posts purchased an iron lung and placed it in the hospital at Cushing last October.

BOYD B. STUTLER

Themselves All Over

(Continued from page 17)

"Terry and the Pirates," those dragon-eating episodes in China, is drawn by Milton Caniff, as handsome a gent as "Pat Ryan," the hero. This 37-year-old master of illustration satisfied two desires before settling down to his pretty gals, giggling Chinese and revolutions. First as a newspaper artist and then a movie actor. Modest, soft spoken, he prefers to create his blood curdling illustrations at night. His attractive wife is often his model for his eye-catching femmes. A trip to Algiers is the closest he has even been to China, but his love for research and detail certainly leaves nothing lacking in depicting scenes of the turbulent Far East. Milt draws his strip to please the head of the house, for after all, he pays the bills—the kids will read it anyhow, he figures.

"Hoosegow Herman," drawn by Abian Wallgren (who is also official cartoonist for The American Legion Magazine), showing the troubles of the private soldat, is certainly his creator, back in uniform. Wally's flashbacks to the days of canned willie and latrine digging bring many a chuckle to the million vets who are now forty-plus, plump and even grand-pappys. Ask the man who was one—and see if he doesn't say that Wally's stuff is right, down to the last wrap legging.

"Smitty," that wise little office boy, along with his lisping kid brother "Herby" is his creator, Walter Berndt, going through the hours he once put in on Wall Street, running about for the money

tycoons. Berndt, master of kid psychology, once dusted off ledgers, chased for cigars for the boss and now has two Herby's of his own. Coming out of the office-boy era of comic artists there are few tricks at beating the clock or fooling the boss that Berndt doesn't know. So whether it be losing important mail or playing ball with a gold headed cane and being caught at it by His Nibs, you can be sure Berndt has it right.

Lank Leonard, a tall, slim, smiling, freckle-faced chap, creator of Policeman "Mickey Finn," could well step into the law's uniform and make a broth of a cop. Through "Uncle Phil," the old Irish uncle, and "Mickey's" mother, Lank brings back many a memory to the folks who migrated here from the ould country. Like the rest of his brothers-in-crime, Leonard is an ardent golfer and usually has his hero winning over great odds through his superior athletic skill. This is a feeling which courses through the veins of the big six-footer Leonard himself.

An incidental character, introduced into a strip to act as relief or a builder-upper for the star, has seldom stolen the show. In but three instances has this taken place—"Popeye" in "Thimble Theatre," "Dynamite Dunn" in "Joe Jinks," and "Nancy," a child star in the "Fritzi Ritz" strip. In the first two cases the original title was kept with the newcomers added as feature characters.

The strip "Fritzi Ritz," now known as "Nancy," has appeared for nearly 15

years daily and Sunday. It is drawn by Ernie Bushmiller, a plump, carrot-topped fellow and if you look carefully at the characters you will see Ernie himself romping in the panels as the chap with the pagoda-crested, wavy hair. It's hard to picture a cute gal going through her temperamental moments unless the artist himself can all but hear her outbursts, so the muchly worried individual is Mr. Bushmiller himself.

H. C. "Bud" Fisher, who for the last 31 years has guided "Mutt and Jeff" through thousands of experiences, must have felt it time to step in himself as "Jeff" a year after its birth. This comic strip was first introduced as "A Mutt," the lanky gent holding the center of the picture. "Bud" himself is a mite of a man. He has not taken the physical beatings and abuse he has inflicted upon "Jeff," but his bumps through life and his horse-racing troubles certainly could stir up enough sympathy in his heart to make him feel that he was the little guy always being pushed about.

"Gasoline Alley," that group of characters combining homespun humor and small town community types, created by Frank King, certainly glorifies folks he lives among and likes. A small, quiet family man, Frank is one of the few comic men who like their characters to show age. "Skeezix," as he was called when his principal character "Uncle Walt" found him in a basket on his doorstep, is now going through the amusing state of adolescence. King's liking for auto-

mobiles, touring and beautiful scenery certainly finds an outlet through his facile pen.

So it goes. Bobby Burns said a car-

toonist's mouthful in "O, wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oursels as others see us." For the characters they create are Themselves All Over.

A Pair of Wings

(Continued from page 42)

and position are important. We are not suited to each other."

He made it all so clear, thought Sara, as she crumpled the letter in her hand. He was the son of parents who were socially, politically, and financially important; she was a nobody from Iowa. . . .

She didn't hear from him again, and only once did she mention him.

THE war was over. The boys had gone away in groups with crowds cheering and flags waving. They came back alone or in two's, and if they were expected their family met them at the depot.

The day Paul Priest was to arrive King Sol asked Sara to meet his train. "Excitement is bad for mother," he worried. "I couldn't anyhow leave her."

It was early March, a blizzard was blowing in from the northwest, and even the customary loafers were absent from the depot. Paul looked at Sara, with eyes hungry, then swept her up in his arms with an eagerness that was balm to her sore spirit. She closed her eyes for a moment and tried to imagine it was Ted who held her. Then resolutely in that secret room of her consciousness she turned Ted's picture to the wall.

When Paul asked her to marry him she told her story. He listened with pain in his eyes, but he only said quietly, "I can't believe, Sara, that any man would willingly give you up."

Two years later she married Paul. She loved him in a quiet, comfortable way. She was proud to be his wife, proud to be the mother of his children. But in that secret room of her consciousness lurked a silent specter that haunted her happiness: the humiliating belief that the man to whom she had given her first and finest love had tossed it aside as worthless thing.

SARA became aware that the two men were staring at her. She took her hand away from her throat and smiled uncer-

tainly at the crippled man before her. A deeply burned scar disfigured his face, but it was the face of the man she had loved in 1917. Paul held out his hand. He said, "Hello, Ted," and Sara's heart contracted painfully. How deeply she'd hurt him that he remembered all these years the name of a rival he'd never met.

Sara touched a medal on Ted's chest. She said, "You were decorated for bravery," and was surprised to find her voice sounding so natural.

Ted smiled. "I was decorated for an act of madness born of desperation," he answered. "The only real courage I manifested during that war was unrecognized by the War Department. My battle field was a hospital cot in New Jersey. My weapon, a pen." And Sara, remembering that letter and how completely it had deceived her, felt a lifted sense of pride in the magnificent courage of the man who had written it.

"My bravery," Ted continued, "was unrecognized, but," he looked at Paul, coolly measuring the man, "it was not, I believe, unrewarded."

The Legionnaire got up from the floor and brushed the sawdust from his trouser legs. "Here're your wings, buddy."

"Thanks, buddy." Ted held in his hand the insignia of his service in the World War. He looked at Sara and went on, "You look happy, Sara. You look," he hesitated, reluctant to use a dramatic word, "you look—loved."

Sara smiled. "I have a good husband, a lovely home, two adorable children, and," she paused while the specter that had haunted her happiness for twenty years took wings and flew away forever, "and," she went on steadily, "I have a beautiful memory. At last I am happy."

Sara linked one hand through her husband's elbow, with the other she took the arm of the disabled veteran, and three good soldiers moved into the line for coffee and doughnuts.

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

HERBERT M. STOOPS, First Division Lt. Jefferson Feigl Post, New York City.
JAMES E. DARST, St. Louis (Missouri) Post.
J. W. SCHLAIKJER, Winner (South Dakota) Post.
FRANK A. MATHEWS, JR., Frederick M. Rodgers Post, Palmyra, New Jersey.
GEORGE SHANKS, Reville Post, Brooklyn, New York.
JIM HURLEY, Advertising Men's Post, New York City.
GEORGE T. ARMITAGE, Honolulu (Hawaii) Post.
MAY STRATE, Gifford Olson Unit, Garner, Iowa.
WILL GRAVEN, Advertising Men's Post, New York City.
THOMAS E. BROCKHOUSE, Schoolmasters Post, Los Angeles, California.
Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

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More About Madelon

(Continued from page 35)

doughboys who went overseas or returned on her and from other interested Legionnaires. Among them was one from William E. Smith of Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Post of the Legion, who lives at 911 McHenry Street, Baltimore, Maryland, with which he enclosed the snapshot we reproduce on page 34 of a bunch of German sailors, and in which he related this story:

"In the February issue there was an interesting photograph and letter from Comrade Morgan concerning the U. S. S. *Von Steuben*, formerly the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*, the German sea raider. I was in the Norfolk Navy Yard when she put in from sea. I went aboard with other American gobs to look her over. I was back in civilian life a few days later, but re-enlisted April 6, 1917, and was sent to the U. S. S. *Missouri* at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, arriving at night.

"When I awakened the next morning, right across from us was the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*. I was in the first working party to board her to help get her ready to commission for our good Uncle Sam, though I did not serve later in her crew.

"After going aboard the ship I found the enclosed picture in a letter written in German. After the war I had the letter translated and sent the original with the picture to the man to whom it had been addressed, in care of the German Admiralty, and he turned out to be a commercial artist in Berlin and a former seaman on the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*. He returned the picture, however, for me to keep, after identifying himself with an 'x'—the gob in the center of the group. He told me that the picture shows the German crew receiving mail at Hampton Roads, the first news they had had from their homes in eighteen months.

"This sailor—I've misplaced his letter and cannot recall his name—shipped from the States to South America on a freighter and managed to get back to Germany and continued his naval service. He told me he had the pleasure of seeing his old ship, the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*, by then the *Von Steuben*, in a convoy under the American flag, through the periscope of a U-Boat on which he was serving. At the time he saw the *Von Steuben*, they had orders to return to Germany at once for instructions. Back in Kiel, he was taken ill, hospitalized, his U-Boat sailed without him and he learned that she was caught in a net by a British crew and captured.

"I served on the U. S. S. *Missouri* and U. S. S. *Indiana*; as a bugler, I was later transferred to the U. S. S. *George Washington*, and finished my service, above all

things, as bugler assigned to the chaplain at the U. S. Naval Home for retired sailors."

THEN, from A. R. Whitney, ex-sergeant, U. S. Marine Corps, of 246 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, California, came the picture of the two tied-up ships with the miniature village alongside, about which he tells this story:

"In the February issue, I was attracted



by a photo of the *Kronprinz Wilhelm* and interested in the article by the ex-sailor of the U. S. S. *Florida*. Enclosed are some pictures of this German ship in the Norfolk Navy Yard at Portsmouth, Virginia. You will note there is a second ship shown—the German raider *Prinz Eitel Friederich*, which later was commissioned as U. S. Transport *DeKalb*.

"The miniature village alongside the ships was constructed during the internment of the two German raiders by members of their crews. A fire had occurred in the Navy Yard from which much salvage material remained. The sailors of the two interned German ships requested the use of this material to construct a typical German village. The Commandant of the Yard granted the request, created a reservation which was definitely outlined, and permitted the Germans to construct this miniature village.

"The reservation included an athletic field and during the daytime the Marine guard, especially designated to guard the reservation, acted as outposts on its boundaries. After Retreat, all German sailors had to board ship and the guard tightened up to the gang-planks of the *Prinz Eitel Friederich*, which was alongside the dock—the *Kronprinz Wilhelm* being tied alongside the *Prinz Eitel*. No sailor was permitted to come ashore except to adjust hausers with the tide.

"Of course, you will understand this was all during the late fall of 1916, and the routine continued until declaration of war when these two interned German vessels were taken to Philadelphia, reconditioned as troop ships, and flew our colors as the *Von Steuben* and the *DeKalb*.

"While the ships were at Portsmouth, the Germans often entertained visitors to the Navy Yard in their exceptionally well-built miniature buildings and village."

AND now, not a contribution to Then and Now but a reminiscent article, "Codyscopes of 1918," in which Mrs. Elsie French-Wolcott told, in the February issue, of her experiences at Camp Cody, New Mexico, while her husband was in service there with the 34th Division, brought letters and pictures from two Legionnaires whose memories were revived by her story. First, this letter from Claude L. Caskey, member of Lincoln (Nebraska) Post, an ex-member of Motor Transport Company 350, whose home is at 2735 Everett Street, Lincoln:

"In the February issue, Elsie French-Wolcott mentions in her article the two French officers and the American soldier who were drowned in the 'Silver City Draw,' near Camp Cody. The United States soldier was of French descent, could speak French and was therefore assigned to drive the French officers' car. I am sorry I cannot recall his name, but he was a member of the same unit in which I served, Motor Transport Company 350.

"The enclosed snapshot was taken the day we recovered the bodies and the car. The car had been a new Dodge touring car. As you will note, it has more the appearance of having been in a fire rather than a flood. The truck is Service Truck No. 30 of the 350th Truck Company.

"Mrs. Wolcott stated that an article appeared in the Legion Magazine a short time ago regarding the French officers. Unfortunately, I did not see it; I know I would have liked to see it."

Later came a letter from Floyd D. Granger, a four-star member of Redwood City (California) Post, who lives at 827 Brewster Avenue in that city. With it came the two pictures reproduced on page 35—the one of the wrecked automobile aboard the truck having evidently been taken at the same time as Comrade Caskey's picture. Because it was more distinct, we selected it for reproduction. Here is Granger's story:

"Again the Border speaks!

"I was very much interested in Mrs. Wolcott's story of life at Camp Cody—principally those parts referring to the weather, the sand storms, as well as the

spicks. But she did not speak as strongly as the sand blew . . .

"I have another reason for writing: Mrs. Wolcott also referred to the two Frenchmen who were killed. This subject was discussed, as she said, in an earlier issue. I am enclosing a picture of the wreckage of the new Dodge that had been assigned to them, when they came to camp as artillery instructors for the 34th Division. From the M. T. C. unit located with us, they were assigned a driver who could speak French. On the day of their tragic deaths, they were on their way to Silver City or Tyrone, and due to the five-minute cloudburst while they were crossing the dry bed of a stream, the car and passengers were washed under ten feet of sand. The two officers were found downstream about a mile and the driver in the machine between the wind shield and the steering wheel. What is seen in the picture is all that was left when we dug out the car.

"I am also enclosing a picture of a banquet of men of Motor Truck Company 350. Perhaps the old comrades—Scissorbills—would like to see themselves as they looked twenty years ago. Maybe they can explain the presence of the women guests. The two French officers who lost their lives are seated by the wall to the right of the main table."

As Mrs. Wolcott suggested, there was some information about the French officers in this magazine, but longer ago than she thought. In *Then and Now* in the February, 1932, issue, we reprinted an article from an issue of *Trench and Camp* of late summer, 1918, which bore a Camp Dix, New Jersey, date line and told of the \$12,000 fund that the enlisted men and officers of the 34th Division, then en route to the A. E. F., had raised when they learned that the family of one of the French officers, Lieutenant Jean Jegou, were in need. The two children of the deceased officer were adopted as wards of the Sandstorm Division, and the fund invested in Liberty Bonds, from which the children were to get the income until they reached their majority, when the principal would be given to them.

The clipping was sent by Legionnaire Lester Kelly of Clarence, Iowa, and he wanted to know what had become of the children and if the fund was still available to them. The request brought a prompt response from Colonel E. E. Sterricker of Omaha, Nebraska, former C. O. of the 134th Infantry, 34th Division, who reported that Lieutenant Jegou had been his assistant instructor in the Browning School at Camp Cody, and that he had kept in touch with the widow and the two girls, Helene and Susanne. He had visited with Mme. Jegou in Paris while en route to Chaumont, after reaching the A. E. F. in August, 1918. At least until the time he wrote to us, he had been hearing quite regularly from the widow and the children had written to him each Christmas. During 1924, Mme. Jegou worked

for a time in New York City, but later returned to Paris, where the children were in school. The fund, he understood, was still in trust and the children were receiving the income from it. This report of Colonel Sterricker's appeared in *Then and Now* in the issue of June, 1932.

"**W**HEN a feller needed a friend—and got 'em in quantity" (with a nod to Briggs) might well be the title of the picture on page 61. What we can't understand is why the worried look on the doughboy's face while surrounded by such a bevy of femininity—not counting the friendly pooch. Yes, folks, it's another of our occasional "whoosit" pictures and we hope the soldat will step forward to claim the snapshot and tell us the occasion for the gathering. Surely they can't all be relatives?

Steve J. Hanna of Harry E. Kern Post, whose home is 303 Cherry Street, Toledo, Ohio, had this to say about the snapshot print, when he sent it to us:

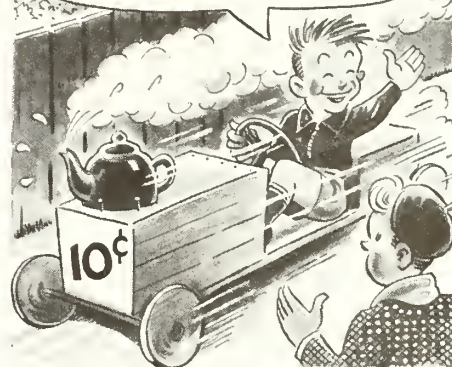
"Looking over some of my wartime relics, I discovered the enclosed snapshot. I don't know how or where it came from. Neither the soldier nor any of the ladies is known to me.

"Who is this American soldier of 1917-18? Does anyone know him? Where did he come from? Can anyone identify him? Perhaps if you display the picture in *Then and Now* either he or some old buddies may recognize it. The snapshot may be of value to him or to some one of the ladies with whom he posed."

CHICAGO calling! The time: September 25th to 28th. The occasion: The Legion National Convention—plus scores of outfit reunions, among which may be yours. If you don't find your wartime outfit in the list below and want to meet the old comrades, notify Stanley R. McNeill, Reunions Chairman, Legion Convention Headquarters, Hotel Morrison, Chicago, and also The Company Clerk Mr. McNeill and his committee are ready to help in arranging reunion headquarters in Chicago and also in furnishing information regarding banquets, luncheons, entertainment or whatever form your reunion may take.

For our Legionnaires—our women comrades: Mrs. Nell W. Halstead, 8136 Ingleside Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, has been appointed General Chairman of Legion Women's Activities during the convention. Plans for the following activities are already under way: The big affair will be a general dinner for all ex-service women in the Red Lacquer Room of the Palmer House at 6:30 P. M., Monday, September 25th. Open house and a tea at the Nurses Club, 8 South Michigan Avenue, on Sunday and Monday afternoons, September 24th and 25th. A tour of the Chicago Historical Society and a tea on Wednesday afternoon, September 27th. Details of the special meetings, reunions and so on, (*Continued on page 60*)

**I'M PRETENDING I'M
DADDY - BEFORE
HE CLEANED OUT
HIS RADIATOR WITH
SANI-FLUSH!**



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**Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out
of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go**

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else. © 1939, C. P. INC.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT April 30, 1939

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 587,542.39
Notes and accounts receivable.....	56,443.06
Inventories.....	116,357.19
Invested funds.....	1,962,610.22
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	201,606.54
Office building, Washington, D. C. less depreciation.....	124,097.64
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation.....	31,567.68
Deferred charges.....	22,294.80
	<hr/>
	\$3,102,519.52

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities.....	\$ 75,632.20
Funds restricted as to use.....	22,663.76
Deferred revenue.....	468,808.61
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.	201,606.54
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital.....	\$1,914,332.21
Unrestricted capital.....	419,476.20
	<hr/>
	\$3,102,519.52

More About Madelon

(Continued from page 59)

of the National Organization World War Nurses and the National Yeomen F have not been completed, but the chairmen are listed below.

Information of the following National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

LEGION WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES—Dinner, Red Lacquer Room, Palmer House, Sept. 25, 6:30 p.m.; open house and tea, Nurses Club, 8 S. Michigan av., Sept. 24th & 25th; tour of Chicago Historical Society and tea, afternoon, Sept. 27th. Mrs. Nell W. Halstead, Gen. Chmn., 8136 Ingleside av., Chicago.

NATL. ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES—Annual reunion, meeting, etc. Write Miss Mabel B. Madden, 700 Fullerton Parkway, Chicago.

THE NATL. YEOMEN F.—Annual reunion and business meeting, Sept. 27 Mrs. Constance H. Strong, 3232 Home av., Berwyn, Ill.

Soc. of 1st Div., A. E. F.—19th annual reunion and banquet, Hotel Sherman, Chicago, Sept. 23-24. Herman R. Dorf, chmn., Room 107, Hotel Sherman, Chicago.

2d Div. Assoc., A. E. F.—Natl. reunion banquet, Louis XVI Room, Sherman Hotel, Sept. 26. Geo. V. Gordon, chmn., Sherman Hotel, Chicago.

6th Div. Assoc.—Write for Sightseer and details reunion. Clarence A. Anderson, natl. secy.-treas., Box 23, Stockyards Sta., Denver, Colo.

Soc. of 20th Div.—Proposed reunion. Harry McBride, 1229 26th st., Newport News, Va.

26th Div.—Reunion dinner, Sept. 26. Chicago YD Club will open Hq. Walter D. Crowell, 2400 Hartzell st., Evanston, Ill., or Edmund D. O'Connell, 7919 S. Union st., Chicago.

31st (DIXIE) Div.—2d reunion and banquet. C. F. Negele, chmn., 169 W. Bonita av., San Dimas, Calif.

32d Div.—Reunion banquet, Sept. 26, with Red Arrow Club of Chicago as sponsor. 1500 vets and their ladies are expected. Frank J. Schneller, pres., 2000 Lincoln Park West, Chicago.

33d Div.—All vets requested to write to 33d Div. War Vets. Assoc., Chicago, Ill., regarding 33d Div. Hq. during Legion Natl. Convention; also the official divisional medal and divisional history. Wm. M. Galt, secy., 127 N. Dearborn st., Chicago.

38th Div. VETS. ASSOC.—Proposed reunion. Jeffrey F. Heim, natl. comdr., 10515 Croesus av., Los Angeles, Calif.

80th Div. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion dinner. Mark R. Byrne, natl. secy., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

81st (WILDCAT) VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion dinner, Chicago, Sept. Hq. at Hotel Knickerbocker. All vets write Wildcat Vets. Committee, Hotel Knickerbocker, Chicago, for details.

82d Div. Assoc., WESTERN ASSOC.—Proposed convention reunion. Paul W. Tilley, actg. comdr. 1122 1/2 W. 88th st., Los Angeles, Calif.

85th Div. Assoc.—Permanent organization and Chicago reunion. Frank L. Greenya, pres., 2812 W. Pierce st., Milwaukee, Wis.

92d Div. WORLD WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Proposed reunion. Write to Jesse B. Gunn, pres., 6510 Evans av., Chicago.

11st INF.—Reunion of all vets. Frank A. Abrams, 7754 S. Halsted st., Chicago.

16th INF., Cos. A, B, C & D—5th reunion. Lewis E. Pirkey, Saybrook, Ill.

131st INF., Co. H—Reunion. Write to Leonard A. Borgeson, 4231 N. Lawndale av., Chicago.

4th INF. C.O.T.S., 1st Co., 2d BN., CAMP PIKE—Proposed reunion. L. C. Howe, 8944 Bishop st., Chicago.

6th Co., INF. CANDIDATES SCHOOL, LA VALRONNE, FRANCE—Proposed 1st reunion. Write Fred O. Folk, c/o M. L. Rothschild, State & Jackson, Chicago.

326th M. G. BN., Co. D—Annual reunion. Walter M. Wood, Drawer 29, Portsmouth, Ohio.

9th F. A., BTRY. F—Proposed reunion. Write W. F. Oberlies, 95th & Cottage Grove av., Chicago.

50th F. A., BTRY. F—Reunion, Taylor Post, A. L. Schiller & N. Clark st., Chicago. Nick Pernicar, c/o Post Hq.

62d C. A. C., BTRY. C—Reunion. Write Mannie Fisher, 1357 N. Western av., Chicago.

67th C. A. C., BTRY. C; 7th Co. (FT. WINFIELD SCOTT); 44th & 45th PROV. COS. (PRESIDIO)—G. D. Nolan, 372 Bridle Path, Worcester, Mass.

BRIES. C & D, 4th & 5th REGTS., F.A.R.D., CAMP TAYLOR—Frank O'Sullivan, Galena, Kas.

Co. C, 1st AMMUN. TRN.—Proposed reunion. Jacob G. Wagner, Box 12, Monterey, Ind.

Co. E, 4th AMMUN. TRN.—Reunion. Write Harry K. Fletcher, 720 E. Vine st., Ottumwa, Iowa.

WORLD WAR VETS. OF C. A. C.—Reunion. R. R. Jacobs, comdr., 43 Frisbie av., Battle Creek, Mich.

BTRY. A, 2d TRENCH MORTAR BN.—Reunion. A. W. Robinson, 533 N. Main st., Berrien Springs, Mich.

WORLD WAR TANK CORPS ASSOC.—Reunion. E. J. Price, chmn., 130 N. Wells st., Chicago. To organize local Bns., write Claude J. Harris, organ. dir., 817 1/2 W. 43d st., Los Angeles, Calif.

14th ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Natl. reunion. Hq.,

Auditorium Hotel. A. G. Grant, chmn., 801S Evans av., Chicago.

17th ENGRS. (RY.) ASSOC.—Reunion. Mark W. Van Sickle, secy.-treas., 1399 Virginia av., Columbus, Ohio.

23d ENGRS. ASSOC.—Write H. H. Siddall, pres., 5440 Ridgewood ct., Chicago, Ill., for advance reunion news and copy of official publication.

35th ENGRS.—Reunion and permanent organization of ex-car builders. Fred Krahenbuhl, 1310 Hanover st., Hamilton, Ohio.

39th ENGRS.—15th annual reunion, Atlantic Hotel, Chicago, Sept. 26. Chas. M. Karl, secy., 11640 Princeton av., Chicago.

60th RY. ENGRS. and AUXILIARY—8th annual reunion. Hq. open Sept. 24. D. E. & Eula Gallagher, secys., 812 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

61st RAILROAD ENGRS.—2d reunion, St. Clair Hotel, Chicago. Edward M. Soboda, secy.-treas., 1606a W. Chambers st., Milwaukee, Wis.

Hq. Co., 218th ENGRS.—Reunion. Write to Arthur Thompson, 2104 W. Cermak rd., Chicago.

314th F. S. BN. ASSOC.—21st annual reunion, Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, Sept. 23. A. J. Tichy, secy., 2117 S. East av., Berwyn, Ill.

415th SIG. CORPS BN. ASSOC.—Reunion hq. in Great Northern Hotel, Chicago. James J. Maher, 3723 S. Rockwell st., Chicago, Ill.

Co. C, 106th F. S. BN.—Reunion. Write Art Park, 809 College av., Wheaton, Ill., or H. M. Watson, 514 Orange st., Macon, Ga.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Reunion, banquet and dance. Hq. and Balloon Bar in Congress Hotel, Chicago, overlooking Legion parade route. Banquet in Gold Room. Sidney R. Rothschild, gen. reunion chmn., 10565 Hale av., Chicago.

31st BALLOON Co.—Reunion with NAABCV. John C. Eidt, 4317 37th st., Long Island City, N. Y.

17th & 148th AERO SQDRNS.—Reunion. Harold E. Young, 2912 Field, Detroit, Mich.

32n AERO SQDRN.—Organization and reunion. Geo. M. Haag, 152 E. Main st., Bogota, N. J.

120th AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. W. J. Callaghan, 418 5th av., N. Great Falls, Mont.

150th AERO SQDRN.—Reunion all Rich Field vets., Sept. 27. F. W. Freeman, 22 Parker av., Cranford, N. J.

174th AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. V. E. Fesenmeyer, Riceville, Iowa.

185th AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Floyd Perham, Lakeside, Mich.

224th AERO SQDRN.—Reunion banquet, Sept. 25. W. V. Mathews, 2208 Cuming st., Omaha, Nebr.

225th AERO SQDRN.—Reunion during Legion convention—Mid West Division. Write John B. Lamb, 1532 Pallister st., Detroit, Mich.

277th AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. H. C. Lockwood, 3906 Douglas rd., Downers Grove, Ill.

380th & 828th AERO SQDRNS.—Reunion. Jay N. Helm, 940 Hill st., Elgin, Ill.

463d AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion. Hq. in Palmer House, Chicago. Get advance reservations and details from Earle W. Moss, actg. secy., 1010 Lake av., Ft. Wayne, Ind. Revised addresses of all members desired.

466th AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Hotel Morrison. Paul Barlow, St. Joseph, Mich.

634th AERO SUPPLY SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Write to Win. T. Ford, 447 N. Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

11th CONSTR. Co., AIR SERV.—2d reunion, Harold A. Taylor Post (A. L.) Hq., 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago. Theo. J. Herzog, 3616 N. Paulina st., Chicago.

SPRUCE & AERO CONSTR. SQDRNS., VANCOUVER BARRACKS—Proposed reunion. Wm. N. Edwards, 422 Greenleaf st., Evanston, Ill.

FIELD REMOUNT SQDRN. 303 ASSOC.—For date and plans of reunion, write Frank T. Herbert, 444 West Grand av., Chicago.

313th FIELD REMOUNT SQDRN.—Vets interested in convention reunion, write Chester C. Sellens, 544 E. 2d st., Russell, Kas.

REMOUNT SQDRN. 342—Proposed reunion. Harry C. Campbell, 619 Wallace av., Bowling Green, Ohio.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS VETS.—Convention reunion. All R. R. vets of A. E. F. or home camps invited to join. Clyde D. Burton, natl. reunion chmn., 8211 Ellis av., Chicago.

BASE SPARE PARTS, DEPOT UNITS 1-2-3, M. T. C—Annual reunion, Atlantic Hotel, Chicago, Sept. 25. B. C. Peterson, secy., 165 N. Elizabeth st., Chicago.

M. T. C. VERNEUIL 301, 302, 303 BASE SPARE PARTS—Reunion. Hq., Lyttton bldg., State & Jackson, Chicago. Henry Hirsch, 6220 Woodlawn av., Chicago.

Cos. 346 & 802, M. T. C.—Proposed reunion. Fred Bushnell, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

M. T. C. 411—Reunion dinner, Hotel Sherman, Chicago, Tues. eve., Sept. 26. Notify Leroy C. Hanby, Connerville, Ind.

322d MOTORCYCLE, M. T. C.—Proposed reunion. Walter M. Moore, 318 Decker st., Flint, Mich.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. Geo. W. Nichols, R. 3, Kingston, N. Y. C. & R. BRANCH, Q. M. C., CAMP CODY—Reunion, Ila. Wahlborg, 106 W. Clay st., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

318th SUPPLY Co.—Reunion, Sept. 23-27. Hq., Room 102, Sherman Hotel, Chicago. Syd Carne, chmn., 109 S. Elmwood av., Oak Park, Ill.



Who?—Where?—When?—Why?—And what outfit, Buddy?
Steve Hanna of Toledo, Ohio, found the snapshot in his war archives but knows nothing about it

219TH M. P. CORPS, 1ST ARMY Hq.—Proposed reunion. Andrew Perrier, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago.

R. R. & C., BASE SECTION 2, A. E. F.—Proposed reunion. Vets interested, write to R. R. Brinkerhoff, Utica, Ohio.

GRAVES REGISTRATION SERV., UNITS 302-303-304—Proposed reunion. C. A. Morehouse, Homer, Ill., or C. S. Ince, 318 N. Oakcrest, Decatur, Ill.

O. & T. C. No. 2 and T. A., LIMOGES—Proposed reunion. Write to Newton Rogers, Room 441, Sherman Hotel, Chicago.

BASE HOSP. 101, ST. NAZAIRE—Proposed reunion, Morrison Hotel, Chicago. Edw. H. Porath, 14461 Faust, Detroit, Mich.

BASE HOSP. 136—Annual reunion. Hq. at Stevens Hotel, Chicago. Mrs. Grover C. Potts, 947 Keswick blvd., Louisville, Ky.

BASE HOSP., CAMP GRANT—Reunion luncheon, Lincoln-Belmont YMCA, Chicago, Sept. 26. Write Harold E. Giroux, 841 W. Barry av., Chicago.

MED. DEPT., BASE HOSP., CAMP LEE, VA.—Proposed reunion and dinner. Write Vergil I. Trotter, Chrysler Corp. (Plymouth Div.), Detroit, Mich.

BASE HOSP., CAMP SEVIER—Reunion of entire staff. Mrs. Mary Callaway, secy., 566 W. 3d st., Dayton, Ohio.

EVAC. HOSP. 14—2d reunion. For details and membership, write J. Charles Meloy, pres., Room 3050, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

AMB. CO. 129, 108TH SAN. TRN.—Reunion hq. at Sherman Hotel, Chicago. Frank F. Fabian, pres., 515 W. Madison st., Chicago.

MARINES—Reunion of all ex-Marines, Hotel LaSalle, Chicago, Sept. 24, under auspices Marine Post, A. L. Write Henry Williams, finance offer., 316 W. 60th st., Chicago.

13TH CO. & 10TH REGT., USMC—Reunion. Nate Leibow, S. N. Cass av., Westmont, Ill.

NAVY—Proposed reunion and reunion-dinner, Sept. 24, for all ex-sailors and coast guardsmen. Report to S. M. Wolfred, 2838 W. 25th st., Chicago.

NAVY RADOMEN—Vets interested in proposed reunion, write Doty, c/o Otto & Doty, Downers Grove, Ill.

NAVAL AVIATORS—Proposed reunion of vets of M. I. T. and Pensacola Trng. Sta. Write Lauren L. Shaw, 155 Glencoe av., Decatur, Ill.

Co. 120, NAVY YARD, NORFOLK—Reunion of vets of 1918. Dr. Roy D. Gullett, Bonneville, Miss.

NAVAL AIR STA., FROMENTINE—Reunion. F. H. Nornington, 426 Broad st., Beloit, Wisc.

NAVAL AIR STA., KILLINGHOLME, ENG.—Reunion of officers and men. Dave Gran, 4532 Deming pl., Chicago, or K. Van Court, Madison, N. J.

NAVAL AIR STA., PAIMBOEUF, FRANCE—Proposed reunion. H. Halverson, Granite Falls, Minn.

U. S. S. Agamemnon—Reunion. Nav. Res. Armory, Chicago. Jim Vellip, Santa Claus, Ind., or J. P. Hayes, 570 McKinley pkwy., Buffalo, N. Y.

U. S. S. DESTROYER Bulch (No. 50)—Proposed reunion. Irwin E. Harris, Granite Falls, Minn.

U. S. S. Castine—Reunion banquet. W. C. Chapman, 134 Tipton st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

U. S. S. Dixie—Reunion. R. O. Levell, Box 163, New Castle, Ind.

U. S. S. Galatea, Tonopah and Dreadnaught & SUBCHASER No. 34—Proposed reunion of all crews. Ed LaViolette, 4301 Potomac av., Chicago.

U. S. S. Gopher—Ex-crew interested in reunion, write Carl H. Vollmer, 1112 S. Central av., Burlington, Iowa.

U. S. S. Kanawha—Proposed reunion. Homer L. (Sunshine) Dukes, 1933 Axton av., Union, N. J.

U. S. S. Liberator—Proposed reunion. Wm. S. Reed, 7349 S. Damen av., Chicago.

U. S. S. Manta—Reunion. Wm J. Johnson, 9311 Cottage Grove av., Chicago.

U. S. S. New Jersey, Constellation and Borer—Proposed reunion, including cast of Newport show, "Jack and the Bean Stalk." Forrest A. W. Nelson, 1813 Warner av., Chicago.

U. S. S. New Mexico—Reunion of crew. Write F. J. Egerer, 125 S. Grant st., Westmont, Ill.

U. S. S. Otranto SURVIVORS—Men interested in proposed convention reunion dinner, write to A. H. Telford, 124 E. Simmons st., Galesburg, Ill.

U. S. S. Quinnebaug (North Sea mine-layer)—3d annual reunion. Edward J. Stewart, 870 E. 28th st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. S. Lake Ypsilanti—Proposed reunion of crew. Write Abraham Weisbaum, 5434 N. Winthrop av., Chicago.

POST OFFICE POSTS—Proposed organization of all Post Office Legionnaires. Address inquiries to Onni R. Isaacson, secy., Van Buren Post, 7608 S. Peoria st., Chicago.

Stars and Stripes Assoc.—Annual reunion banquet, LaSalle Hotel, Chicago, Sun., Sept. 24. Robert Stack, secy., 859 Diversey, Chicago.

SYRACUSE (N. Y.) CAMP BAND Assoc.—Reunion. Al Pearson, comdr., Legion Club, Mankato, Minnesota.

VETS. A. E. F. SIBERIA—Annual convention, Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, N. Zimmerman, reunion secy., 6207 Drexel av., Chicago.

AMERICAN VETS OF FOREIGN ALLIED ARMIES—2d annual reunion. Write to Fred B. Mansfield, adjt., Box 385, Atascadero, Calif.

VETS OF POLISH EXTRACTION and all LEGIONNAIRES invited to Memorial Home of Pulaski Post, A. L., during convention. Walter Zasadski, adjt., 1558 N. Hoyne av., Chicago.

LAST MAN'S CLUBS—Reunion, Congress Hotel, Chicago. Roy W. Swamberg, secy., 1509 Cornelia av., Chicago.

REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention, follow:

2d Div. Assoc., A. E. F.—21st annual natl. reunion, Hotel Whitcomb, San Francisco, Calif., July 20-23. July 21 is 2d Div. Day at Golden Gate Exposition. David McKell, chmn., 65 Post st., San Francisco.

Soc. of 3d Div.—Annual natl. reunion. Hq. at Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 3-8. July 6 is 3d Div. Day at N. Y. World's Fair. For copy Watch on the Rhine and details of reunion, write F. S. Ragle, 130 W. 42d st., New York City.

4TH Div. Assoc.—Reunion, Hotel Lenox, Boston, Mass., Aug. 29. Ben Pollock, secy., 100 Summers st., Boston.

4TH Div. Assoc. (DEPT. OF CALIF.)—State reunion at Oakland, Calif., Aug. 14-16, with Legion Dept. Conv. 4th Div. Day at Golden Gate Expos., Aug. 13. Reunion dinner at 365 Club, San Francisco, Aug. 13. C. H. Potts, chmn., 438 34th av., San Francisco.

Soc. of 5TH Div.—Annual natl. reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Write E. R. Corbett, 1307 Roslyn av., S. W., Canton, for details and also about 10th F. A. and 5th F. A. Brig. reunions.

12TH (PLYMOUTH) Div.—Proposed organization and reunion. New England 12th vets and all 42d Inf. vets report to L. Irving Beach, 175 High st., Bristol, Conn.; all other 12th vets report to Geo. H. Thamer, 31 Thatcher av., Buffalo, N. Y.

Soc. of 28TH Div., A. E. F.—For complete roster, report to Walt W. Haughtery, secy., 1333 S. Vodge st., Philadelphia.

32d Div. Vets. (Continued on page 62)

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More About Madelon

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Assoc.—Life membership of two dollars includes free divisional history. No annual dues. Byron Beveridge, secy., State Capitol, Madison, Wisc.

34TH (SANDSTORM) DIV.—Reunion, Webster City, Iowa, July 23. Lacey Darnell, Webster City.

35TH DIV. Assoc.—Reunion, Kansas City, Kans., Oct. 19-20. Leo A. Swoboda, secy., Law bldg., Kansas City, Kans., or Mahlon S. Weed, chmn., The Kansas City Kansan, Kansas City, Kans.

77TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. Assoc.—21st annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Jas. A. Sterner, 1101 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

RAINBOW (12D DIV.) VETS.—21st annual reunion, Oklahoma City, Okla., July 13-15. Albert Hoyt, natl. secy., 3792 W. 152d st., Cleveland, Ohio.

77TH DIV. Assoc. extends facilities of its Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, to vets of all outfits who visit N. Y. World's Fair, Information, housing service, etc., Jos. E. Delaney, secy., 28 E. 39th st., N. Y. C.

LOST BN., 77TH DIV.—Survivors of the "Pocket" are invited to joint permanent association. Write Walter J. Baldwin, secy., 1859 Victor st., New York City, for information of future reunions.

78TH DIV. VETS. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Camp Dix, N. J., Aug. 11-13. For details, write Raymond Taylor, secy., Closter, N. J., or John Kennedy, pres., New Hope, Pa.

80TH DIV. VETS. Assoc.—20th annual convention and reunion, Uniontown, Pa., Aug. 3-6. Mark R. Byrne, secy., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

WILDCAT (81ST DIV.) VETS. Assoc.—Natl. reunion, World's Fair Grounds, New York City, Sept. 30-Oct. 2. Jas. E. Cahall, natl. adjt., Citronelle, Ala.

82D DIV. Assoc.—To complete roster and for copy *All-American*, write R. J. McBride, secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

83D DIV. A. E. F. VETS. Assoc.—To complete roster, register with Ollie J. Haag, adjt., 312 Akron Savings & Loan bldg., Akron, Ohio.

89TH DIV. Soc.—Reunion in St. Louis, Mo., Sat., Sept. 23. Write Chas. S. Stevenson, secy., 2505 Grand av., Kansas City, Mo.

11TH U. S. INF. & 10TH BRIG.—Reunion in conjunction with 5th Div. reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Hq. at Hotel Courtland. Write C. H. Epperson, 310 Vaniman st., Akron, Ohio.

60TH INF.—Annual reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4, with 5th Div. For *Fifth Div. History*, write Wm. Barton Bruce, 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I.

126TH INF.—Reunion, Jackson, Mich., Aug. 4-6. Chas. Alexander, Otsego Hotel, Jackson.

130TH INF. & 4TH ILL.—13th annual reunion, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, Champaign, Ill. Joe E. Harris, secy.-treas., Paris, Ill.

313TH INF.—Annual reunion, Montfaucon Post Club House, Baltimore, Md., Oct., 7. For details, write Bartus E. Wigley, adjt., 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.

314TH INF. VETS.—Annual reunion, Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 22-24. Chas. M. Stimpson, secy., 2239 Benson av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

316TH INF. Assoc.—20th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 23. Edwin G. Cleeland, secy.,

6125 McCallum st., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

112TH INF. Co. A—Reunion, York, Pa., Aug. 11-12. Warren L. Hake, 468 W. Chester pl., York.

Co. A (WISC. 1ST, 3D & 128TH INF.) VETS. Assoc.—10th annual reunion, Baraboo, Wisc., July 29-30. Write Arthur F. Prange, secy., Reedsburg, Wisc.

129TH INF., Hq. Co.—7th annual reunion Pontiac, Ill., Sept. 10. L. M. Shugart, chmn., Pontiac.

151ST INF., Co. M—Proposed annual reunion and organization. Report to H. E. Virgin, Box 266, Newcastle, Ind., for details.

M. G. Co. (316TH INF.) VETS. Assoc.—20th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 23. Write Paul B. Blocher, co. clk., 929 Gist av., Silver Spring, Md.

Co. C, 340TH INF.—9th reunion, A. L. Club Rooms, Sheboygan, Wisc., Sept. 30. Families invited. Emil Heisler, secy., 1613 Alexander ct., Sheboygan.

347TH INF., SUP. Co.—Annual reunion, Gordon State Park, U. S. Route 29, St. Marys, Ohio, July 2. Write Frank F. Bowen, 884 Bennett st., Marion Ohio.

Co. M, 357TH INF.—Annual reunion, Medicine Park, Okla., July 29-30. Martin G. Kizer, secy., Apache, Okla.

Co. B, 359TH INF.—Annual reunion, Decatur, Tex., Sept. 10, at old reunion grounds. Fred Hopkins, Jr., Box 721, Krum, Tex.

3D CORPS SCHOOL—Proposed reunion of vet instructors at Fort Plesnoy, later transferred to 2d Corps at Clamecy, to GHQ, and Belgian Camp, 1919. J. E. Gregory, 76 Beaver st., New York City.

3D PIONEER INF.—To complete roster and for information of future reunions, write to Joel T. Johnson, chmn., 411 Essex bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

51ST PIONEER INF. Assoc.—Annual reunion, State Armory, Flushing, N. Y., Sept. 10. Walter Morris, gen. chmn., 139-09 34th rd., Flushing.

52D PIONEER INF. Assoc. A. E. F.—Annual reunion and dinner, Park Central Hotel, New York City, Nov. 11. N. J. Brooks, 46 W. 48th st., New York City.

56TH PIONEER INF. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Smithfield, N. C., Aug. 6. O. B. Shelley, secy., Monroe, N. C.

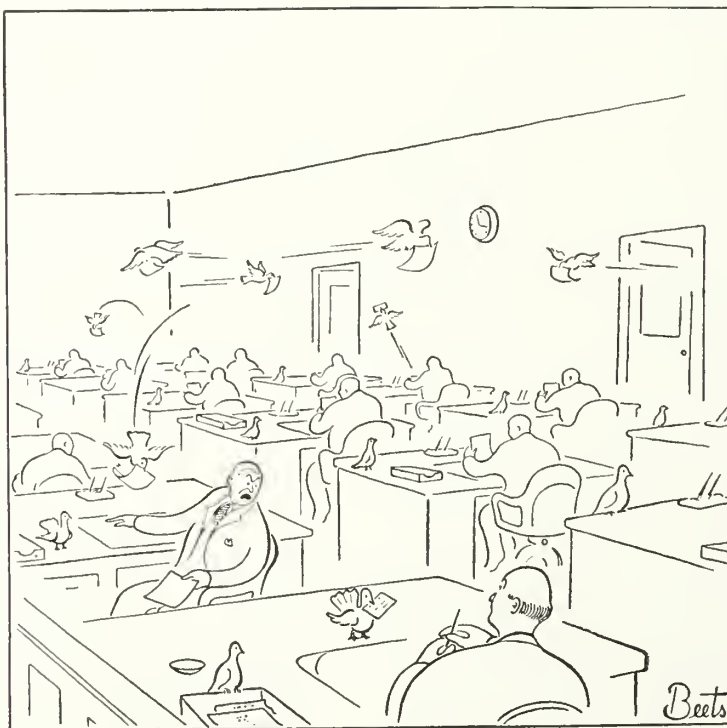
59TH PIONEER INF. Assoc.—4th reunion, Rehoboth Beach, Del., in Aug. For details write Howard D. Jester, 1913 Washington st., Wilmington, Del.

313TH M. G. BN.—20th annual reunion, Erie, Pa., Sun., Aug. 6. L. E. Welk, 210 Commerce bldg., Erie.

327TH M. G. BN.—Reunion, Covington, Ky., Sept. 2-3. All vets invited, also to join recently organized club. Jas. H. Joyner, secy., 715 W. Southern av., Covington.

342D M. G. BN.—Reunion, Watertown, S. D., July 2. Write I. O. Hagen, Huron, S. D.

Co. D, 105TH M. G. BN.—Reunion, Binghamton, N. Y., Sept. 23-24. 64 vets missing from active roster. Report to Elmer Wenstrom, chmn., 298 Union av., Belleville, N. J.



"Frankly, I prefer office boys."

11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunions, Sept. 2-4, in both Detroit, Mich., and Portland, Ore. For details and copy *Cannoneer*, write R. C. Dickieson, secy., 7330 180th st., Flushing, N. Y.

13TH F. A. REUNION ASSOC. (4TH IND. INF., N. G., and TROOP B)—18th annual reunion, Marion, Ind., Sept. 30-Oct. 1. Floyd Anderson, secy.-treas., Elizabethtown, Ind., or Frank Beliers, pres., Marion, Ind.

322D F. A. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 9. For details write L. B. Fritsch, hq. secy., Box 324, Hamilton, Ohio, or Carl Dorsey, reunion secy., 1617 Shenandoah rd., Toledo.

321TH F. A.—17th annual reunion, Hotel St. Warden, Newark, Ohio, Aug. 5-6. W. W. Rouch, secy., R. R. 1, New Carlisle, Ohio.

80TH F. A. BTRY. D—Reunion, Washington, D. C., Nov. 18. Harry Eckloff, 6430 Ridge dr., Brookmont, Md.

81ST F. A. BTRY. D (formerly TROOP H, 23D CAV.)—For roster, send name and address to Harry A. Kiscaden, 4864 Ogle st., Manayunk, Phila., Pa.

49TH ART. C. A. C., BTRY. A—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo., in July. For details, write Miss Lee, secy., 3417 Gravois av., St. Louis.

BTRY. F (61ST ART. C. A. C.) OVERSEAS CLUB—To complete roster, write to Gibbs C. Hopkins, 1115 E. 39th st., Savannah, Ga.

3D TRENCH MORTAR BTRY.—Reunion, Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 3-8, with 3d Div. Barney Gallitelli, 294 17th st., Brooklyn.

14TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Hotel Westminster, Boston, Mass., Aug. 27-Sept. 1. For details and copy of *News*, write C. E. Scott, comdr., 54 College av., Medford, Mass.

15TH ENGRS. WIVES & MOTHERS—Annual reunion, West View Park, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 8. Family party. Beulah E. McGraw, secy., 1700 Renton av., E. Bellevue, Pa.

19TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Elks Country Club, Reno, Pa., Aug. 5. Geo. M. Bailey, adjt., 319 W. 28th st., Wilmington, Del.

22D ENGRS.—Reunion, Springfield, Ill., Sept. 3. For details, write J. A. Nelson, 23 E. 137th pl., Riverdale Sta., Chicago, Ill. For reservation, write Otis Huffman, 1920 E. Edwards st., Springfield, Ill.

VETS. 31ST RY. ENGRS.—11th reunion, Oakland Hotel, Oakland, Calif., Aug. 18-20. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 104½ First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—10th reunion, Hotel Netherland Plaza, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Geo. Remple, secy., 2423 N. Main st., Dayton, Ohio.

52D ENGRS., R. T. C.—Reunion, New Castle, Pa., July 30-31. J. A. Bell, 320 Meyer av., New Castle.

113TH ENGRS.—For information of time and place of reunion, write to P. T. Ulman, Noblesville, Ind.

302D ENGRS.—Reunion-dinner, DeWitt Clinton Hotel, Albany, N. Y., Sept. 9, with N. Y. Legion Conv. Fred A. Rupp, adjt., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

308TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—19th annual reunion, Zanesville, Ohio, Aug. 5-6. Write Lee W. Staffler, secy., Zanesville.

309TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—16th annual reunion, Hotel Harding, Marion, Ohio, Aug. 25-26. Claude L. Orr, secy., 678 S. Remington rd., Columbus, Ohio.

314TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, St. Louis, in fall. For date, write Vincent K. Kemp, 5889 Lotus av., St. Louis.

319TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Oakland, Calif., Aug. 12, with Calif. Legion Conv. K. S. Thomson, secy., 214 Central Bank bldg., Oakland.

Co. F (102D ENGRS.) VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion and dedication F Memorial plaque in Sept. Men knowing of deceased members, write David Fox, 216 Ft. Washington av., New York City.

TROOP 1, 1st CAV., N. G. P., and Hq. TROOP, 28TH DIV.—Reunion, Northumberland, Pa., July 22. D. R. McKinney, Sunbury, Pa.

314TH AMMUN. TRN.—4th reunion, with 355th Inf. reunion, Fremont, Nebr., Sept. 10. Jake Launer, secy., Fremont.

350TH AMB. Co.—Reunion, Lincoln, Nebr., Aug. 27-29. Write Mark Logsdon, 2562 Taylor st., Omaha.

316TH SUP. TRN.—20th anniversary reunion dinner, San Francisco, Sept. 22. Sept. 24 is 91st Div. Day at Golden Gate Exposition. For details, write Otto G. Hintermann, 74 New Montgomery st., San Francisco.

557TH MOTOR TRUCK Co., 306TH PROV. REGT. (CAMP HOLABIRD) and NORFOLK ARMY BASE—Proposed reunion. Art Nicholl, 5511 Monmouth av., Ventnor City, N. J.

TANKS CORPS—Proposed home-coming of wartime Tank Corps vets from Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania and D. C., in connection with Organization Day, Ft. Geo. G. Meade, Md., in Sept. For details, write Capt. G. J. Gillespie, Ft. Meade.

303TH BRIG., TANK CORPS—Reunion. Write Matt A. Lynch, 4666 Penn st., Philadelphia, Pa. 73D Co., 6TH REGT., USMC—For information of reunions, write Wm. S. Billmyer, 2307 5th st., Moline, Ill.

82D Co., 6TH REGT., USMC ASSOC.—Reunion and dinner, Fort Shelby Hotel, Detroit, Mich., July 6-8. John W. Olsen, 18951 Ohio av., Detroit.

AIRCRAFT ACCEPT. PARK No. 2 (HANDLEY-PAIGE DET.)—Reunion, Boston, Mass., Aug. 27-Sept. 1. Write Oscar B. Lee, 119 Sumner rd., Brookline, Mass.

1ST PURSUIT GROUP (SQDRNS. 27, 94, 95 & 147)—Proposed reunion, New York City, Nov. 11. Finley J. Strunk, 176 Roosevelt av., Bergenfield, N. J.

225TH AERO SQDRN. (EASTERN DIV.)—Reunion, New York City, Aug. 19-20. Joe Pierando, 20 Weldon st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

374TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Jos. A. Brady, 577 N. 26th st., E. St. Louis, Ill.

MED. SUP. DEPOT, CAMP DIX—Proposed reunion, Delaware Water Gap, Pa., in Aug. Write Clarence T. Shaw, Scranton Times, Scranton, Pa.

DEBARKATION HOSP. No. 1, ELLIS ISLAND—Proposed 1939 reunion. Wm. M. Purcell, 132-37 83d st., Ozone Park, N. Y.

U. S. S. Buena Ventura—Proposed letter reunion. Write to Marin L. Marshall, Bridgewater, S. D.

NATL. ASSOC. U. S. S. Connecticut VETS.—3d reunion, New York City area, Sept. 2. Write Fayette N. Knight, Box 487, Closter, N. J.

COVINGTON ASSOCIATES—All vets U. S. S. Covington invited to join. Louis S. LaVena, 503a Washington st., Dorchester, Mass.

U. S. S. Emeline—Proposed reunion. H. W. Rose, 200 Madison av., New York City.

U. S. S. Sierra—Proposed organization. Ira Maier, 375 Riverside dr., New York City.

U. S. S. Venetia—Vets interested in reunion in San Francisco, Calif., in Sept., write R. C. Rickell, 805 W. Division st., Grand Island, Nebr.

U. S. S. SUBCHASER 212—Proposed reunion, Philadelphia or New York City, in Sept. Write B. J. Carroll, 17 Gartwaite terr., Maplewood, N. J.

U. S. ARMY AMB. CORPS (USAAC)—20th annual natl. conv., Hotel McAlpin, New York City, July 13-15. For details, write Wilbur P. Hunter, 5321 Ludlow st., Philadelphia, Pa., or Hugh King, c/o McGraw-Hill, 330 W. 42d st., New York City.

CAMP HQ. DET., CAMP DODGE, IOWA—Proposed reunion during Iowa State Fair, Des Moines. Write Harry E. Richey, Tracy, Mo.

VETS. A. E. F. SIBERIA—Reunion, Oakland, Calif., Aug. 12-16, with Legion Dept. Conv. Dave Refatti, 75 Tara st., San Francisco, Calif.

SOC. OF CROSSED QUILLS OF AMERICA—Field clerks of Army, Q. M. & Marine Corps invited to join. W. J. Mueller, secy., 3532 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

ARMY & NAVY LEGION OF VALOR—49th annual reunion, New York City, July 6-9. July 7th is Legion of Valor Day at N. Y. World's Fair. Ben. Prager, D. S. C., natl. adjt., 314 Court House, Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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Legion posts and other promoters of outdoor events carry Rain Insurance indemnifying against loss of income or expense.

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SPRINGFIELD FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY

Applications must be filed seven days prior to event. See Local Agent in your town, or address: Rain Department, 209 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

FREE SAMPLES OF REMARKABLE TREATMENT FOR STOMACH ULCERS

(Due to Gastric Hyper-Acidity)



H. H. Bromley of Rutland, Vt., writes: "I suffered for 10 years with acid-stomach trouble. Doctors all told me I had ulcers and would have to diet the rest of my life. Before taking your treatment I weighed 113 pounds and could eat nothing but soft foods and milk. Now after taking Von's Tablets, I weigh 171 pounds, can eat almost anything and feel perfectly well." If you suffer from acid indigestion, gastritis, heartburn, bloating or any other acid stomach trouble, you, too, should receive quick relief. Send for FREE Samples of this wonderful treatment and details of guaranteed trial offer. Valuable Booklet is included. Write PHILADELPHIA VON Co., Dept. 524-F, Fox Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Fox Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

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John X. Loughran, noted health lecturer, author, radio commentator, shows in the new free book, "HEALTH REGAINED", how you can learn and apply these vital health principles in the privacy of your own home. Send for this free illustrated book now. Learn which foods may be making your condition worse—which act as medicines. The book is FREE. Write today. A penny postcard will do.

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Don't Sell America Short

(Continued from page 9)

of us get in a despairing state of mind and want to sacrifice our stock. Or we have an idea we can recoup losses by selling short. Such people simply don't know the facts. They don't know what has happened before and how the firm contrived to pull through. They don't know that there always were and probably always will be panics; but that for every year of panic there have been and always will be some three years of pay dirt and happiness. It's a three-to-one bet.

We have been in this set of doldrums too long. One of these days we are bound

to come out. Every day brings it closer and it must be pretty near. The old products will find their market again and we are going into nine or ten years of the highest, finest, most glowing prosperity the old company ever has known. Nothing can stop it. It is a kind of law. It always has worked and it is bound to work again. Don't sell America short. Buy for the box. With the history this company known as the United States of America can show, any investor or speculator who sells its stock short is a blithering, cock-eyed, double-distilled idiot. And that's that.

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers

COMRADE "Si" Dill, of Chillicothe, Ohio, sends the one about an arithmetic class studying weights and measures.

"What does milk come in?" asked the teacher.

"In pints," ventured one lad.

"And what else?"

"I know!" shouted Johnny, who had spent the past summer on the farm.

"All right, you tell us."

"In squirts."

COMMANDER William H. Mallon, of Second Division Post, New York, relates that as one of the post members marched down Fifth Avenue in the Army Day Parade, a spectator yelled:

"What are you parading for?"

"For nothing, and—just think—I used to get a buck a day for it."

LEGIONNAIRE Charlie Rose, of Legion, Texas, writes about the time one of his comrades, stationed at Fort Ehrenbreitstein, took on too much liquid refreshment and was brought before the commanding officer the following morning. The officer asked:

"Have you ever had any trouble before in the Army?"

"Only once, sir," replied the man.

"That was when I was kicked by a mule in Jacksonville, Florida."

THE ship's first officer told a deck hand to go below and break up a crap game. In about an hour the sailor returned.

"Did you break up the game?" asked the officer.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what in thunder kept you so long?"

"I had only three bucks to start with, sir."

BEN DORRIS, of Eugene, Oregon, tells one about a banquet where the eating had come to an end, and the well-fed comrades settled down to listen to the speech of the guest of honor. The latter rose, and for thirty minutes his voice filled the room.

"After partaking of such a splendid meal," he said, "I think had I eaten any more I would have been utterly unable to speak."

From the rear of the hall a drowsy voice said: "Bring him another sandwich."

ACCORDING to J. W. Stahl, of Yonkers (New York) Post, a solicitous proprietor asked the new customer if he had enjoyed his meal.

"No, sir!" the customer replied. "I did not!"

"What was wrong?"

"I found a hair in the ice cream, a hair in the honey, and a hair in the apple sauce."

"That's strange," said the proprietor.

"I can understand how a hair got in the ice cream; it came from shaving the ice. And, the hair in the honey may have come from the comb. But, I cannot understand the hair in the applesauce. I bought the apples myself, and they were Baldwins."

FROM Henry Ingwersen, of Flossmoor, Illinois, comes the one about the inquisitive person who asked a boy why he wasn't in school.



"Questions, riddles and more questions! What is this, a radio program?"

"'Cause I'm keepin' house for the old man," replied the boy.

"Where is he?"

"He's in jail for not sendin' me to school."

THEN there is one about the lawyer who was examining a witness.

"You mean to infer that she then cut his acquaintance?"

"Wusser dan dat, suh!" replied the witness. "She cut his throat!"

IN A Uniontown, Pennsylvania, restaurant there is a sign which proclaims to all the world:

Some People Claim
They Keep The Best—
We Don't;
We Sell It.

A YOUNGSTER who had never been to church before was asked how he liked his first visit.

"It was all right," he said, "except for one thing which I didn't think was fair."

"What was that?"

"Why, one man did all the work, and another man went around and took up all the money."

COMRADE Daniel W. Dever of Philadelphia tells one about a doctor and a clergyman of the same name who lived on the same street. Just as the doctor got an assignment in Africa, the clergyman died. On reaching his destination the doctor sent a cable to his wife, but by mistake it was delivered to the clergyman's widow. It read:

"Arrived safely—heat terrific."

HENRY had been missing from the club for several meetings.

"What's happened to Henry?" asked one member of another.

"He's been contesting his wife's will."

"I didn't know she was dead."

"That's just it; she isn't."

A MAN from away back in the hills made his first trip to town, and there at the grocery store he saw for the first time a bunch of bananas.

"Want to try one?" the merchant asked, after telling what they were.

"No—I guess not," he answered.

"I've got so many tastes now I can't satisfy, I ain't aimin' to take on any more."

LEGIONNAIRE George Shanks of Brooklyn, N. Y., tells one about an artist who kissed his model.

"I bet you do that to all your models," she said.

"No," hereplied. "You are the first."

"How many models have you had?"

"Four," he said. "An onion, a banana, a vase and you."

DR. J. E. OFFNER, Superintendent of the Weston, West Virginia, State Hospital, passes along the one about the psychiatrist who was making some experiments with an eighth grade class.

"The United States is bounded on the North by Canada, on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico and Mexico, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean; and how old does that make me?" he said.

"Forty-four!" replied a lad.

"That's correct," said the psychiatrist. "How did you figure it out?"

"Well, my brother is twenty-two," said the boy, "and my mother says he's half nuts."

☆ ☆ ☆ NOW WE'RE ☆ ☆ ☆
A MILLION

WE LEGIONNAIRES have seen a lot of water flow over the dam since 1919 when fresh from the service we banded together in The American Legion "to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

FOR TWENTY YEARS we have stuck together—through good times and hard times—day in day out—working shoulder to shoulder to carry out an ideal, to fulfill a pledge—a solemn pledge of allegiance to these United States for which we fought.

BECAUSE WE HAVE stuck together and because we have worked shoulder to shoulder, we have grown and prospered and today we proudly boast 1,000,000 members, organized in every state, every county, every city, virtually every cross-roads hamlet throughout the land.

THAT WE HAVE DONE OUR WORK WELL—that we have striven to fulfill our obligation may best be attested by the country-wide acclaim given us on our twentieth birthday by the press of the entire country.

NOW WE CITIZENS WHO COMPRISE THE AMERICAN LEGION have much to be thankful for. We have prospered. We earn collectively well over 2 1/2 billions of dollars annually. 867,800 are married and have nearly 1 1/2 million children. 540,300 own homes and 802,200 own automobiles. We drive our cars on an average 12,393 miles a year and spend somewhere around one hundred million dollars for gasoline, fifteen million dollars for oil and twelve million dollars for tires annually.

WE SPEND MORE MONEY than our neighbors for the better things of life, such as mechanical refrigerators, radios, oil burners for our homes and we also play harder because we have more money and more time for recreation.

WE ARE A CLASS MARKET—(to use an advertising phrase).

SPEAKING OF ADVERTISING, as you know the entire profit of The American Legion Magazine goes into the general fund at National Headquarters to help carry out various Legion activities. While this profit has been substantial it could be more and it should be more and we can make it more—and here's how—

YOU READ THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE regularly. Drop me a line once in a while and tell me what you like about it; what you don't like about it; whether you prefer fiction or articles of general interest or Legion news; whether you read the advertisements which appear in the magazine and whether or not you give preference to products advertised.

IF YOU WILL WRITE ME SUCH A LETTER and do it now, I will promise you a lot more profit from our magazine for our general fund before next year.

Sincerely yours,



Advertising Director.



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